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"I believe in you, I know that you are innocent!"

WHO ROBBED THE CITIZENS' BANK?

Or, A DREAM COME TRUE. By Helena Ballard White.

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As Atherton Bronson stepped from the train, he stood on the platform fronting the small depot, and looked about for some time. First, he looked to see if any one was there to meet him, and finding there was not, turned his attentions to his surroundings. It was midnight, and yet, every object in view shone distinct in the mellow light.

"Ye godes! what a moon!" he said to the station agent, standing near. "I believe I never saw the moon before. At least, I didn't know that it could make a light like this. If Kansas is as well supplied with other of Nature's bounties as it is with moonshine, it must be a pretty good State in which to live. Perhaps you can direct me, sir, to where Banker Herron lives. I see you have no bus line here."

"Yep; yep we have; the National Hotel runs one, but it never meets this train. You see, we seldom have a passenger on it, since the cannon-ball stope here now, and gets in just an hour ahead of this one."

"I failed to make connection at Lawrence, and missed the fast train," his companion answered.

"They 'lowed you wasn't comin', and went home," the agent said.

"Who?" asked the newcomer, slightly surprised to know that he was recognized.

"Why, your uncle and Miss Mary. I take you to be Jake Herron's nephew, come to work in the bank, hey?"

"I am your man," answered Atherton, smiling at the man's subtlety.

"Well, your uncle and cousin was here to meet the first train, and seein' that you wa'n't on it, they never thought of your bein' on this one, I suppose. They seemed to be disappointed, especially Miss Mary. Your comin' has been the talk of the town girls for weeks. You know a Harvard chap ain't so common out here. A lot of the boys and girls git their education down at Lawrence, which, to my way of thinkin', is as fine a college as one would want to see. I was there once. But, somehow the word Eastern ain't so much different from the word Heaven, in the West here. It acts like a magician's wand. If a feller is from the East, like you air, he don't need nothing more to establish his popularity, especially with the women folks. So, bein' a first-rate lookin' feller, you no doubt will git on all right, I 'low. Gettin' to take the cashier's place in the bank, are you? Well, I never thought much of Joe Dean, who has been with your uncle for the last two years, and I 'low the banker never did, either. They say he's feelin' a bit sore about havin' to give up the place, but he's got another position at Chase, just twelve miles west. He's been rubbin' it into the Eastern dude, good and hard, I want to tell you, and Miss Mary, who's a spunky one, has been a-layin' him out in strips. Everybody knows he has been dead crazy arter that gal, as are all the boys around these parts, but Miss Mary she's purty pertickler who she goes with, and I guess never had much use for Joe Dean. Her father 'lowed she thought considerable of him at one time, and threatened to disinherit her if she married him; and though Mary laughed and said 'twas all imagination on the old gentleman's part, still he didn't seem to be satisfied, and a lot of the people think now that the feller is losin' his position on account of makin' love to his employer's daughter. It's plain to see that Joe Dean owes the banker a grudge, anyhow; for he was hangin' 'round here this evenin' for a time, a watchin' the trains come in, and he lambasted the old man in great shape. We got into an argument about him, and I came near throwin' the sun-of-a-gun in front of an engine, for talkin' in such a scandalous way about the banker; for to my way of thinkin', Jake Herron is all right. He's a clean, square man—honorable to the toe. The town hain't no better. But I must go home now. The night operator'll look arter your trunk, and you can come along with me, and I'll show you your uncle's house. It ain't no more than five blocks from here."

"You must have quite a close acquaintance with my uncle, Mr. Herron, and his family," said the stranger, as the two walked along.

"Not especially. What makes you think so? Oh, I see," laughed the agent, without waiting for an answer. "It's because I seem to know all about their doin's. But that ain't no sign. Not we ain't on visitin' terms, though Jake and me has allus been good friends. What one person knows in this town they all do, if you're alludin' to my knowledge of things, and bein' in my position, of course, nothin' misses my ears. People come to the trains, and while they're waitin' they can't put the time in no way except to talk, so I am generally in for it whether I care to listen or no. As to myself, I'm a very closé-mouthed man. You see, I have to be, my position requires it; and in a small place like this, of only fifteen hundred people, a feller has to be purty careful, or he'll git into trouble. I've got to leave you now. I turn west from here. Do you see that big white house down there on the corner, with the tree in front? That's your uncle's house. That's the only tree in town, and it has a tradition. I can't stop to tell you about it now, though I'll tell you at another time. Good night, sir. I hope you won't have no trouble in gittin' the folks out of bed, and don't mind the dog. Jupiter makes an awful howl, but he wouldn't eat much as a snap at a skeeter. He's a mastiff; them mastiff dogs 'ud run from a grasshopper if it would turn on 'em. Hope I'll see you tomorrow sometime. Come over to the station. I'm allus glad to see my friends at any time."

"A few scattered houses, a luxuriant growth of weeds, not scattered, a scarcity of plank walks, and much moon, is about all that I can see," were the young man's thoughts as he sauntered along. "The moonlight helps out considerably, but, great Cæsar, what must it be by day! I am glad the fellow told me the dog's name. I am forearmed that much. Jupiter is the first one in town whom I shall put myself out to make friends with. I have happened to know a mastiff or two that weren't so skittish, and my policy has been never to run any chances with strange dogs."

Soon his thoughts wandered from the dog to the girl, Mary.

"She must be all of eighteen years old now, and has made a great change in nine years' time. She was just nine when I saw her last—a pretty little thing—and now, no doubt, is first rate to look upon. Uncle seems to think a great deal of her, and is evidently as much concerned about her welfare as though she were his own, instead of a waif whom he picked up. Should be disthirft her, I suppose I would come in for his fortune. There is no one else whom he would be apt to leave it to. Now, my policy would be to encourage Mary's love for the retiring clerk. What's his name—um—Joe—Joe Dean, my ovenys. The house is dark all over; been slumbering for hours, no doubt. Ye godes! what a crime to sleep away a night like this! Moonshine must have had a slump out here; no one seems to want it; not a soul astir anywhere. I wonder if there are any pretty girls in town. I'd just like to have a sweet girl to wander around with, and make love to, such nights as these. I might have brought one along; but, oh, no! There'll be no Mrs. Atherton Bronson, while I am forced to live on my present magnificent income. I

can't live much better than an Indian on that amount, myself. With board, laundry, a few cigars, and a game or two of billiards each day, an occasional bouquet and a box of caramels, to say nothing of a few highballs, there won't be enough left at the end of the month to keep me in socks. Well, I shall have to put up with it for a time. Uncle is inclined to be pretty generous, and perhaps will put me in the way of something. He has a turn for speculation, and I will keep my weather eye out. If I can see a good investment for him perhaps he will divy. I'm not so slow myself, when it comes to that."

His thoughts were interrupted by a terrific howl, and the young man was very chilled a bit as he beheld the mastiff standing on the veranda, since he lived in mortal fear of hydrophobia. He stood at the better side one night of a friend who died the victim of a dog's bite, and since then had had but little use for canine flesh.

As the dog continued to bark furiously, the stranger called out:

"Hello, Jupiter, old dog! Here, Jupiter, nice fellow!"

Jupiter, however, was inclined to be very formal, and kept his position on the veranda, barking and growling viciously. The young man approached haltingly, and in the kindest manner that he could assume endeavored to make friends with the canine, the largest mastiff that he had ever seen. He stooped and whistled, thinking that might have effect in calming and quieting the beast.

"Confound it, I wish I had my gun," he finally murmured, becoming exasperated. "Oh, well, good, old fellow, don't get mad. I suppose if you want it, you'll have to help yourself to a few pounds of my flesh. I shan't play the coward any longer."

As he stepped forward, the dog, with a terrific growl, sprang from the portico, and was almost upon him, when a voice called from somewhere, "Jupiter! Jupiter, down, down, I say! Aren't you ashamed? Never mind, he won't bite; I'll be down in a moment."

Atherton looked up in time to catch sight of a white-robed figure with waggish head at the window just above.

Jupiter, the strict obedience, had quieted, and now stood licking the stranger's hand.

"Oh, you are not so fierce as you seem, old fellow," said Atherton, as he patted the dog's head. "Nevertheless, I'd take the scare all over again, and several times once for what it brought me. I have you to thank, old boy, for bringing that charming picture to the window. If you hadn't kept your head——"

"Come right in, I know who you are," said the young girl, as she opened the door, clad in a light blue negligee which she had slipped over her night-robe. With her light hair unbound and falling in heavy curling locks over her shoulders, Atherton thought her quite the prettiest creature that he had ever seen.

"Oh, Cousin Atherton, isn't this just too good," she continued, as she reached over both hands, and smiled into his face when she stepped in the vestibule. Isn't it dreadful that no one was at the train to meet you? We never dreamed of your coming on this poky old train. You know the only four-mail stops here now. Did you know, Cousin Atherton? Grandma and papa have grown! How tall are you—six feet? And you are handsome—wonderfully handsome! The girls will be just crazy over you. And so awfully, how swell you are! Why—why, no, I guess I won't—I was going to kiss you, but I think I won't. You are a stranger to me now. You look awfully like——"

"But you must, Cousin Mary," said her companion, coxingly, making the most of the word cousin.

"Very well then," as she held up her warm, ripe lips. Then she jumped back, laughing, and said:

"No, no; I can't, I positively can't! You seem so strange. You wouldn't seem more strange had you suddenly dropped from the moon! Then, you see, after all, we are only make-believe cousins. It is all indoors. Suppose we sit out here on the veranda. Father and mother went out to the country after the first train came in to see old Mrs. Daniels. You remember, mother wrote and told you that she was ill with the accident. Her horse ran away and she was injured very badly. Since everything was all on the station, we learned that she was very much worse than was thought, and she would not last until morning, and as mother always was a great deal of her, father and she drove out. She must be in a dreadful way or they would have returned in a coggle, as Atherton, and you haven't uttered a word!"

"Oh, yes, I have; I managed to get in a word or all of the first part. I think you are not at all glad to see me, Mary."

"Oh, Atherton, you torment, now hush," said the young girl, coloring. "You know I am fairly beside myself with joy. Why! father is delighted to see you, and mother too! Mother says you seem almost like her son, and she should be hurt, even, were it not that you have a mother of your own, and you were disappointed when she married again, were you, Atherton? Father thinks it well enough, though, since it would be hard for you to suppose that he could not lose all her money in stocks. Too bad she invested, wasn't it, Atherton?"

"Yes; but I advised her to. It was all my fault, Mary. I'll make it up to her, though, some day. I have that to accomplish before I can ever make a start for myself. So my father didn't very clear, you know?"

"You might look up an heiress to help you out," the laughingly suggested.

"No, not much; not I. We Americans are perfectly willing to leave that industry to the foreigners. I'd envy them their reputation. No; with all my fever for speculation that is the place where I draw the line. Should I ever marry, it will be to one whom I fancy, even though I find her in the slums, a miserable beggar."

"Which is hardly probable," answered his companion. "But, tell me, are you in love with any one, Atherton?"

"Well—um—I don't know exactly. I might have given a positive answer to your question last week, but now 'tis different."

"Oh, you met some one while traveling, then. I venture, Atherton, you had a Pullman flirtation. Did you?"

"No, no; not that."

"Well, then, won't you tell me?" she asked, coaxingly, as she searched his face with her deep, blue eyes.

"Yes—no, some time, perhaps; but not now —not this evening."

He thought he noticed a look of disappointment in her eyes and dove, and she commenced picking at the ruffle on her negligee.

"Never mind, never mind," she said, as a little sigh escaped her.

"How a mere question causes her to suffer," he thought as he watched her. "Ah, there's the way, too, at times. I am dead anxious, right now, to know if she is in love with that chump of a coachman—that Joe Dean. My policy would be to encourage her love for the whelp—oh, yes! I'll encourage it. I don't think! Should I see the rascal making love to her—to Mary—I'd kick him, by Jove! What, you—"

"If it isn't an insult to your intelligence, Atherton, I'll give a penny for your thoughts," she said.

"My intelligence might go for that, but my thoughts—no, they are another thing. They haven't come especially of any great value, and I'm sure you have problems——

"I'll have to take time to unravel that; I go back to my former reasoning. But, listen—I heard the carriage wheels. I must be jumping up, and running to the end of the veranda. Come, Jupiter, the horses are driven in the back way. I guess I won't tell father about the fine horse. You don't mind, do you, Atherton?"

"No, not a bit. Come here and tell me something, won't you, Mary?"

"Why, what is it, Atherton?" she asked, sitting down beside him, and looking into her blue eyes opening wide with wonder.

He looked at her, and, taking her hand, caressing it, said: "Tell me, are you in love with Joe Dean?"

"Oh, you dissolution, Atherton," she said, laughing. "Whatever put that into your head?"

"Well, I know a few things, Mary. You must think a great deal of him to have refused so many suitors, and are another thing. Then when you left everything you, should you marry him——"

"I despise him!" she said, with great positiveness. "He's a cad! He hasn't round one dreadfully, for a time, and put all his money in it. Then, forgetting that he had protested, but they came just the same. Of course, Atherton, I wish that bank clerk—that Joe Dean——

that question, you would very likely ask another."

"Very well, then, Miss Perverseness, since you are so very adverse to answering questions, I shall let that one go, and ask the other instead. With whom did you fall in love at first sight?"

"I plead guilty, but you must not ask his name.

"Do you expect to marry him, Mary?"

"Certainly, if I can win him, but we are not that far along as yet," she said, shyly, making use of his own words.

"Let us make an agreement, Mary. I will tell you my victim's name, if you will tell me yours."

"Victim—pooh! No; I shall not tell you another thing," she said, with a pretty pout.

"To put it in more suitable language, then, pigeon, I shall tell you the name of my 'more than queen' if you will tell me the name of the one fortunate enough to win your precious love."

"Indeed, that sounds a trifle better," she said. "Perhaps I will. You tell first, Atherton. What is her name?"

"It is a pretty one, and it should be, for it belongs to quite the prettiest creature in the whole universe."

"My, but you must have traveled extensively, Atherton, to know this much. Well, then, out with it: where does she live, and what is her name?"

"She has just about the center of the United States, near the center of the county of Johnson, in the town of Grayson—and her name is Maybelle Herron."

"Oh, Atherton!" she exclaimed, confusedly; "you are making fun of me."

"It is as true as Gospel!"

"But my education, I mean, is terribly criticised. A great many believe that——"

"Stuff and nonsense, Mary! Don't be absurd!"

"Shall I tell? Shall I tell you, Atherton, sure enough?" she said, growing very warm and rosy. "Well, it is—really, I can't tell, Atherton."

"I won't."

"It is—it is—you, Atherton. I fell in love with you last night when you stood before me on the piazza and asked me to——"

The rest of the speech he swallowed. I suppose, for I heard that was his purpose, at least.

Mrs. Herron thought the "children," as she called them, were gone an unreasonably long time, and she stood on the back porch with her hand shading her eyes looking for them, when along in the afternoon they drove to the back door yard.

"Gracious sakes alive, Mary, you have had time enough to have a piece—several dozen of them."

"And so did, that is, blow them—as many as six or eight, I believe."

"How in the world did it happen, Mary? It seems you couldn't have been watching them very close."

"We had them piled up in front of the surrey, and they fell out on the wheels and smashed, I think they must be very good ones, anyhow, so I bought an extra dozen. There will be enough, I am sure."

"I'm like you, thoughtless, Mary; but, come on in, now, and have some lunch, you must be half starved. Pshaw! will you put up the horses, Atherton."

"I believe I have a pretty good appetite," said Atherton, "but I did not realize it until now."

"It must have been a very dingyreable ride, wasn't it, children? In the sun and wind?"

"It was heavenly, Aunt," said Atherton, with an inward groan that his relative looked up quickly. Mary colored and poured out a glass of water. "I am about choked," she said.

"You had best hurry down to the bank, Atherton, and get your money for your lunch. Your uncle told me that the cashier had left town, and without giving any reason, save that he refused to work with a fellow like you. Have you two been having any trouble, Atherton?"

When Mary had finished relating the interview of the morning, her aunt sat back in her chair and laughed heartily. "I am glad you did it, Atherton; there is something very hidden in that man's nature," she said.

"There is quite enough revealed, Aunt Lucy, to make him thoroughly detestible. If he succeeds in covering up all his meanness I am grateful, as to know him better would result in a kill him outright, I fear. He thinks I cannot get along with the work. Pshaw! Any schoolboy could do the work down at the bank, and have plenty of time to devote to marbles, besides."

"I'll come down and help any time that you would like, Atherton," said Mary. "I have often lent my assistance, when father needed me."

"I may call upon you some time," he said, smiling, "to keep still time, if not to keep books."

Thus it came about that Mary very often passed her forenoons at the bank, not that she was particularly needed there, but Mary had her own whims that were not satisfied.

In the cool of the evening Louise Carter looking very charming called ostensibly upon Mary, but really to meet the banker's handsome nephew, and when she had the opportunity whispered: "Oh, Mary, I am so glad he has come! He is just beautiful—my style of a man exactly! Have you told him about me?"

"Y-yes," faltered.

"And what did he say?"

"Why, nothing, but he has a sweetheart somewhere; he—he didn't seem to take much notice of what I said about you."

"Why, he hasn't seen me then. Speak a good word for me, Mary. I have cut out more than one girl, so I don't so much mind his having a sweetheart. You know, too, how easy it is for a man to forget an old girl for a new one."

"I think she isn't very old, though. 'Tis some one whom he has met only recently."

"Is it any one whom you know?"

"Um—yes; but I'm not allowed to tell."

"Where does she live—in Massachusetts?"

"Well—you see that is—she used to."

"Is she pretty?"

"Why, I should say so. Much better-looking than you, Louise; he calls her 'more than queen,' and all that; so I guess he thinks her a goddess."

"Humph! I think you are not my friend any longer, Mary; you don't seem the same, or anxious for me to have him. But, nevertheless, I shall win him if I can. I am going to conquer with him the very first chance that I have."

A lively game was kindling within Mary. "Just let me see you try," was her unuttered threat.

It was at a dancing party which Mary gave a few evenings later, to introduce her newly-found cousin, Mr. Atherton, and which that Louise tried all her blandishments on Atherton Benson, was Mary's opinion, on the demon of jealousy stirring strong within her.

The stranger met the young girl's advances in a courteous manner, but did not seem to encourage her rashness. Nevertheless, when the guests had all taken their departure, Mary stood at the end of the veranda pouting. Atherton laughed good-naturedly at her ill-humor, pleased to think she gave such ample proof of her devotion to him. True love and jealousy always go hand in hand, and he was glad to read her into a good humor.

"Will you not overlook me so much?" he asked. "It will require the genuine article in this instance, Mary. You know I am only a poor man, therefore, on a start as yet, aside from being already burdened with a debt. I could not think of asking you maybe by years before I shall be enabled to do so, but I love you, Mary, and I am content then it will take patient waiting."

"Why so, Atherton? What is mine shall be yours, and I feel sure that father will approve the marriage."

"I tell you again, Mary, that I am no fortune-seeker. I must have enough to keep my wife in comfort, and a penny of your fortune before I shall be willing to marry."

"Pshaw! That is but foolish pride, Atherton."

"I cannot help what it is, Mary; it goes against the grain to act against it, that my mind is thoroughly made up on this point. Now, I will not be content with the vest in stocks just now. It is a sure thing, this time. With five hundred more than I could make up mother's loss, and make it snug little sum for myself; then we could get married and have a home of our own."

"Then you want the money, Atherton?"

"Why, right away, of course; why do you ask?"

"Oh, 'twas just an idle question. I suppose, Atherton, you have been thinking that perhaps I might manage to coax this money from father, that you——that I might go ahead, for instance, and fetch up in New York, you know. It wouldn't be just fair, Atherton."

"No; that would be entirely wrong, Mary." Atherton's face was flushed, and he looked at least that much on me. So you could not help but gasp my thanks. I am sure the marriage would please father, because he dotes on you, and mother would be content anywhere that you were your last evening, and when I half admitted my love for you, I felt sure that you felt as much for me. Good-night, Mary."

"Good-night," she said, and Atherton left the house.

Mary's father had left town on business, and Mrs. Herron was in the habit of retiring early, so Mary had the evening to herself. She sat down by the window and looked out into the night, and thought and thought. Atherton's words rang in her ears: "I am content then it will take patient waiting."

"Why so, Atherton? What is mine shall be yours, and I feel sure that father will approve the marriage."

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"Good-night," she said, and Atherton left the house.

Mary's father, on coming home on the morrow, had not been in the house more than an hour before his ability to support his daughter in better style than she had been wed. And when the latter suggested that he should not be content with the vest, but to give them a start, he answered, gruffly: "Not much! Not another penny will I put money where that venturesome boy can put his fingers on it. He has sunk enough in Wall Street to have kept him comfortable the rest of her days. It's a downright shame that he should squander it so, for it is the labored hard for my money, and none of it shall be swallowed up in Wall Street."

"Then how do you expect him to get ahead?" asked Mary, petulantly.

"Why, by his own resources. When I was his age I wasn't earning half what he is, but stuck to my books, and managed to keep a wife very comfortably, and I didn't get married until I could. Atherton can do the same by me, and I'll bet a hat he don't believe he has. Like all the young men at the present day, he wants a fortune ahead of hoe."

"It is a dreadful long time to wait," said Mary, with a sigh, as she turned away.

"Uncle is right," said Atherton, "it is as I told Mary. I should not marry a woman until he can take care of her. But, hang it all, I wish I knew where I could borrow five thousand dollars. I hate to lose a chance go by. I am fairly desperate."

"You have been a great deal more anxious about the stocks than you have about our marriage," said Mary.

"Why, Mary," said Atherton, if I had this amount that would settle the question. We could get married to-morrow."

Mary fretted more than any one knew over this matter. Every girl in town was in ecstacies over her handsome cousin, as they called him, and she feared if the wedding was put off too long he might tire of her and wed another, and her mother quite agreed with her. She was more distressed than ever, when one evening he announced his intention of leaving for Massachusetts. His mother was ill, and had that day sent a message for him to come, he explained. He would probably be away but a short time, and Mary could take his place in the bank until his return.

"He'll fall in love with some one else while he is gone, I am sure," were Mary's reflections, as she sat on the high stool in the bank, figuring and thinking by turns. "All his pretty fancy him, and he will have many tem_tations. Pshaw! I wish father were not so stubborn. If I only had the money to send while he is there, how happy he would be! I know the combination; it would be easy for me to take that amount from the safe; but, no, I cannot—I cannot do so. That I am father's own daughter, for then I could hope to be forgiven. But every one, and perhaps Atherton, would say, 'One can never tell how a waif will turn out. There is bad blood in their veins,' and all that. I have known many of them to say these things, for Louise has told me about it. It wouldn't be wronging father, for Atherton knows what he is about and could pay it back again right away. He would only mean borrowing it. If I were only sure that Atherton was not mistaken I should be sorely tempted."

It was but five days after his nephew's departure that Mr. Benson discovered he had been robbed of ten thousand dollars. Without question the cashier was familiar with the combination, since the safe had been opened in the regular way.

"Why, father, whom do you suppose could have done it?" questioned Mary, her face as white as death, and a pallid wide with wonder.

"It is as plain as the nose on your face who did it, child; that rake of a nephew, of course. Some of the sacks were filled with pennies, and others with the rest, so the discovery would not be made at once, and he could get away with the wrong figures, to mislead me. Those stones were picked up from the barn, I believe; at any rate, there are plenty more there like them. He must have been hurriedly, and never ran on to the theft until this morning."

"The creek is lined with stones, father, like those you had hauled for the walk. Or one that master could carry away with the whole load behind the barn, and we should never know. I think you should be ashamed to call Atherton names for such flimsy reasons."

"I didn't know the combination, didn't he? Who else knew it aside from you, Atherton and myself?"

"Why, Joe Dean, that's who. Atherton didn't do it; he is too honorable, you can depend on that, father. And know, father, that I would not do such a thing."

"No; of course, my pet. I would trust you before any one else in the world."

"You must—you must trust me, father, for I am, indeed, honest with you. I must confess, however, that I have been sorely tempted to take that sum of you, so as to have sat with the money piled up before me."

Then she told him of her desire to marry Atherton, of her fear of losing him, and of her misleading thought that he wished to invest.

"I have dreamed of this by day and by night," she said, "and one night I dreamed that I really helped myself. When I wakened I was all in a perspiration, and surely suffered as much as though I had been truly guilty of the act. The dream was so realistic, it probably saved me from committing the deed, for I shrank from the thought with horror after that. Dear reputation, daughter's, and Atherton's, were a misery which I hope never to experience. Now I know what a terrible sin it would be, and that I am glad I was sorely tempted, father; I must be honest with you, child."

"I am greatly surprised, Mary, that you should have a romance entertain such thoughts, yet love often excites one to much wrong doing. Atherton should be ashamed to put such things in your head. Having his fever for speculation and gambling; he is bent on making a fortune in a hurry. Since hearing your story I am thoroughly convinced that he took the money, and none other. I shall put detectives on his track at once."

"Oh, don't, father; don't do that," the young girl pleaded. "Promise you will never go that far. You would have settled that matter between me and mare, within a few years, so you have told me. I gladly accept the offer and promise. Only tell me, father, that you will not be so severe with Atherton, even though you should be right in the matter, should such a thing as his culpability be possible. But it is not—I am sure that it is otherwise. Father, as innocent as you or I."

"You are simply sentimental, Mary, and while I like to indulge you, I think ten thousand dollars a high price to pay a trifle extravagant. No; I tell you positively that Atherton shall suffer the penalty if the theft is traced to him."

"He couldn't; he couldn't have done this thing. It is not going to be met without," whom she found a warm sympathizer.

When it was learned that Atherton Bronson had made fifty thousand dollars in stocks, his uncle had him at once placed under arrest, and locked in the jail at Grayson.

Mary was at the station when he stepped from the train, and she looked him in the eyes. The young fellow was handcuffed, with a detective on either side of him. A number of the village girls stood in groups talking together. "Isn't it just too bad," said one.

"No; it serves him right; he ought to go to the pen, and I hope he does, in his heartless and Mary's. Louise had never forgiven Mary for capturing the handsome fellow, as Joe Dean also happened to be at the train and managed to make a few remarks which he meant for Miss Carter's ear.

"I'll scratch his eyes out," Mary confided to another girl, "if they say another word. How I hate him! 'Tis plain to see he glories in seeing Atherton handcuffed."

"I believe in you. I know that you are innocent, as does mother," said Mary, rushing up to the prisoner. "I know you would not do this thing, Atherton. You can prove your innocence, can't you?"

"I am thankful, mother, for your confidence, but we will talk about this at another time. Where is uncle? I must see him at once."

"He is waiting for you at the bank, Atherton, and he is so—so severe. Oh, how I hate to see you manacled so, Atherton," and Mary burst into a fit of weeping before the entire curious group that stood looking on.

"Come on, come along," said the detective on the prisoner's right. "I say, let the man come; we can't wait for any sentimentals—"

"To whom do you think you are talking?" said Mary, drying her eyes, and standing very erect. "I am Mr. Herron's daughter, and if I wish to talk with the prisoner you have only to be patient. But, good-by, Atherton, I shall be around to the bank directly. I am going back for mother. We will both be there. Father said I must not come to the train, and I almost wish that I had not."

"She'd probably missed seeing how nice he looks with his bracelets on," remarked Joe Dean, to his companion, in a sneering tone.

As this speech fell from the fellow's lips, Mary sprang at the ex-cashier and clawed his face terribly.

"I've wanted to scratch your face for a long time," she said, and as she passed on, the crowd cheered wildly.

"Hurrah for Mary!" said the station agent. "Served him right, I say. Hit him, Mary's all right."

"She's a wildcat, that's what she is!" said the disfigured young man. "But what can you expect of a d—d waif?"

Not for any such word about that gal, and I'll thrash the liver out'n you, you nervous old fool!" said the station agent, and shaking his fist in Dean's face. "Mary Herron is the finest gal that ever crossed the border line into Kansas, and I wou't have a word said agin her. Now, take that and chaw on it for a cheese!"

"And if he don't lick you, I will," said another of the station loafers.

"I wouldn't mind the job myself," said another.

Seeing that he had made himself very unpopular, the ex-cashier left the crowd and hurried to his buggy.

"What do you think?" said the station agent to Mary's father and mother. "That feller drove all the way over from Chase, just for no purpose in the world but to see Bronson come in handcuffed. He hates him like pizen. To my mind it better lay low. He's another that knows the combination to Jake Herron's safe."

The concluding chapters of this highly interesting story will appear in next week's LEDGER. Subscription and canvass given free to all Ledger subscribers as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

NOT DRUGS

Food Did It.

After using laxative and cathartic medicines from childhood a case of chronic and apparently incurable constipation yielded to the scientific food Grape-Nuts in a few days. Three years ago I suffered with such terrible constipation that I had all the laxatives continuously going from one drug to another and suffering more or less all the time.

"A prominent physician whom I consulted told me the muscles of the digestive organs were paralyzed and could not expect to get from their work without help of some kind. So I have taken a different kind from every laxative and cathartic known but found no help that was at all permanent. I had finally become discouraged and had given my case up as hopeless when I began to use the scientific food Grape-Nuts.

"Although I had not expected this food to help me I decided to try and soon found Grape-Nuts digested immediately from the first and in a few days I was convinced that this was just what my system needed.

"The bowels performed their functions regularly and I am completely and permanently cured of this awful trouble.

"Truly the power of scientific food must be unlimited." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There is a reason.

Healthful dinners are just as easy as the bad kind. For further particulars see the little recipe book in each package of Grape-Nuts.

An Appreciation.

"Alas! poor Yorick. I liked him better'n any dorg dat ever bit me."

Knew Less than His Mules.

Newton Ratliff of Trenton, Mo., took the advice of a neighbor last fall and sold a fine team of mules for $300, thinking this a very good price. Work at that time was not pressing, so Mr. Ratliff deferred purchasing another span until spring. The other day he went to the Kansas City market and picked up a nice span of mules, but was compelled to pay $340 for the animals. When the mules were taken into the barn each one went into a stall without delay. There were his old mules—Trenton (Mo.) Republican.

A Wife's Revenge;
Or, The Power of Love.
BY ADRIENNE ROUCOLLE.

"Reginald, say that you forgive me!"

Begun in No. 23, June 6. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XI.
A SKILLFUL INTRIGUE.

In order to explain Diana's presence in Lord Courtour's home it is necessary to return a little way into the past.

Three months before Lord Courtour had asked Mildred to become his wife. She accepted him on condition that he would help her in a plan she had formed to save Diana from herself. Before they parted that evening she told him to call the next day and she would explain to him her entire plan. That night Mildred forced Diana to tell her the reason why she hated her husband.

"Because he doesn't love me; because he married me for the reason of my beauty and, lastly, because he broke my heart in forcing me to abandon Roger."

"But he does love you, Diana; his very patience at your light conduct proves his boundless affection for you."

"Ah! if you could only prove to me that he does, I might in time forgive him the injury he did me; but that is impossible, although he now plays the comedy of love to perfection. Do you know, Mildred, that my life had but one ambition, one end—that to make him suffer! I know now that nothing his name publicly, I could humble his proud spirit, but to do This I should needs disgrace myself, and as yet I have not fallen so low as that. Yet I see the time coming when self-respect will be insufficient to choke my longing for vengeance."

"What is the meaning of your strange words, Diana?" cried her sister.

"Reginald told me one day that the only thing he could not forgive would be unfaithfulness, and it is thus that some day I shall completely avenge myself. Some women fall through love, but I shall fall through an insane desire to make a hated husband suffer."

Mildred remained silent for a few moments; what Diana had just told her she had long known to be the sentiments of her sister's heart.

"What would you think of a plan," she said at last, "by which your husband would think you guilty, yet you remain innocent?"

"How could I be stainless and have him think otherwise?"

"There is a very simple way of doing this. For a long time I have understood the feelings of your heart. After much thinking I have decided upon a plan which would save you from shame and, maybe, show you how you have misjudged Reginald. Lord Courtour has asked me to become his wife, and I accepted on condition that he would do a certain thing."

"And that is?"

"That he would make Reginald believe that he is your lover."

"My lover? What do you mean?"

"Simply this. You think that your husband does not love you, but I am sure that he does. In spite of his words, I feel sure that he would pardon you even an unfaithfulness. With so fine a gentleman but Amos your honor would be in danger, but with him you would be safe, while in Reginald's eyes you will appear guilty."

Diana rose, her eyes glittering with mingled hate and anger.

"And I could make him believe that his name is dishonored! What happiness! Mildred, how kind of you to help me in my revenge!"

"It is not your vengeance that I wish to help, but, if possible, to show you the error you are in concerning Reginald. He loves you better than life. Diana, and a man who so loves can forgive all in the adored woman."

When Amos called the following morning, Mildred arranged with him the plan which had so well succeeded at the masquerade ball. The manner in which Reginald treated his wife after he believed that she was false had greatly moved Lady Rowlands. The following day, after a sleepless night, she decided to precede her husband to Lord Courtour's and hear what Reginald would say. But, fearing that perhaps when the two men should be face to face, the husband could not resist the temptation of killing the one who, he thought, had robbed him of his honor, she told her fears to Mildred and the two went to the Courtour mansion.

When Amos entered the room where Diana was weeping in her sister's arms, he went up to her and said:

"What are you going to do about it, Lady Rowlands?"

She sprang to her feet with a cry.

"I must save him"—her tones were wild—"but shall I arrive in time?"

"He gave me his word of honor not to carry out his plan before seeing you."

"Ah," she said simply; but it was easy to see that all within was chaos and disorder.

After thanking Amos in a few incoherent words, she hastened away murmuring all the way home: "Will he keep his oath not to end his life before seeing me?"

CHAPTER XII.
COMBAT BETWEEN LOVE AND HATE.

When Diana reached home her first question on entering was:

"Has Lord Rowlands returned?"

On receiving a negative answer she turned despairingly to her sister. As soon as they were alone she burst forth:

"If he dies, Mildred, I shall be his murderer!"

"Hush, dear. He has given his word, and men of Reginald's type are never false to an oath."

After a few moments Diana said:

"Please leave me. Mildred. I need to be alone for a few moments, to understand the strange thoughts that fill my soul with tumult and fright."

Mildred departed, knowing well that the feeling Diana had for Reginald was the first touch of love which would chase from her heart the hate which so long had moved her.

When at last Lady Rowlands found herself alone, she began pacing up and down the room.

"And he would die, would he?—He to give me a freedom I do not want. Ah, what am I saying? Does not my whole being long to be liberated from his hated presence?"

She paused, her eyes staring.

"But is his presence hated any longer? Would I not give ten years of my existence to know that he has returned?"

She again resumed her agitated walking, to pause once more with the exclamation:

"What! can it be possible that I have ceased to hate the man who broke my heart, who caused me to abandon Roger? Roger, Roger," she murmured over and over again, "why does not that name cause my heart to beat faster, as it did but a month ago? Is it so dead that I can no longer feel anything, neither joy nor pain? Ah, no, it can still suffer, for the thought that Reginald is dead caused me agony. No, it can still suffer."

Wearied out at last in soul and body, Diana fell exhausted upon a chair. There she remained rigid and pale, with eyes fixed upon the carpet, which, to her fevered imagination, changed the flowery design to the handsome face of her husband.

"Could it be possible," she murmured at last, "that I am beginning to love Reginald?"

At that thought an incredulous laugh passed her lips.

"Love him! What a foolish thought! How could I love the one who has broken my heart?"

Yet, in the depth of her heart, a voice seemed to say that she was not suffered, also? Is he not about to sacrifice his life that you may be happy?"

She started to her feet at the thought which for the first time expressed itself thus clearly in her mind. Diana remained standing blankly before her.

"He is noble, most truly noble, this man fate compels me to hate."

"But do you still hate him, oh, blind woman? Can you not understand that you love him?" again asked the voice.

She sprang to her feet and looked around with frightened eyes, so real had seemed that voice.

"Who says I love Reginald?" For an instant she remained silent. "Why does not that thought cause a revolt of my whole being? Why does my heart beat faster? Is it like unto a traitor to the oath once taken?"

The lunch bell rang. At its sound Diana started, for it recalled to her that Reginald had not returned. Rushing forth she met a servant whom she questioned eagerly.

"Has Lord Rowlands returned?"

"No, not yet, my lady," was the reply.

The day passed in anguish. The battle was no longer between love and hate, but hate was fast giving way. As Reginald still delayed his coming Diana's pale face so aged and sad, a longing to cry for pardon seized upon her heart, but broken words on her lips. Suddenly she thought that this was being which appeared so weird under the name of love, no longer hatred, but love. Then, caught by a nameless terror, she rushed back to her apartment, the door of which she locked behind her. Exhausted, she sank on her knees upon the floor.

"Oh, my God," she cried, "have mercy!"

CHAPTER XIII.
THE FIGHT AT DAWN.

How long Diana remained on the carpet she never knew, but the prayers that rose from her heart to her lips eased and soothed her. After a while she rose, a strange smile flattering upon her white lips.

"Love has conquered," she murmured.

Then, at the thought of what Reginald must have suffered, she exclaimed:

"Ah, he has been terribly punished; I must go at once to tell him all and ask his pardon."

Opening her door, she hastened, with soft, noiseless footsteps to her husband's room. A ray of light beneath the door told her that Reginald had not yet retired. Diana paused and pressed her hands upon her violently beating heart. Taking courage, she opened the door gently and entered the room. So noiseless were her movements that Lord Rowlands did not turn. In the lamplight his face appeared more wan than ever. He was writing and by the working of his features it was easy to see that the words his hand penned cost him untold agony.

Diana remained looking at him with eyes full of remorse and shame. Presently, moved by an intuitive knowledge that he was not alone, Reginald turned. At the sight of Diana he rose.

"What, Diana, you here in this room?" Falling on her knees she cried:

"Reginald, Reginald, for the love of heaven say you forgive me!"

For a few moments Lord Rowlands remained dumb with surprise. Diana, misunderstanding the meaning of his silence, cried, as she wrung her hands:

"Ah, though you have the nobility to sacrifice your life that you may give me happiness, you scorn the heartless woman who broke your heart."

"Sacrifice my life?" he repeated, as he gently raised his wife from her prostrate position and forced her to take a seat on the sofa.

"Why do you thus humble yourself, Diana? Did not my words of yesterday evening show you that I pardoned the harm you did me? Of course I have suffered cruelly at the thought that my folly might have led you to shame and disgrace, but now pain has benumbed me into something like the calm which follows the torment. But what did you say just now about my sacrificing my life? What is the meaning of your words?"

"It means," cried Diana, rising and clasping with nervous fingers her husband's arm, "that I know all—that this morning, concealed in another room, I heard of your conversation with Lord Courtour and there I saw how all this time I have misjudged you, that through a sinful cruelty I have been making the soldier of men suffer."

"Hush, Diana," but in the same breathless accents, she interrupted him:

"No, I do not want you to speak until I have finished, until at least you know that, in spite of appearances, I am innocent of all guilt."

Then she told him of Mildred's plan to save her from disgrace and to show her how much her husband loved her.

"And she has succeeded," she cried, when she had finished her story, "succeeded beyond her most sanguine hopes; for how was she to know that you would be so generous as to give up your life that you might give me happiness? But that nobility has, while showing me my cruelty, also conquered my hatred."

She paused suddenly and a blush mounted to her cheeks. What was she about to tell him? That she loved him, that she had forgotten the past?

Reginald, motionless and pale, stood looking at her incredulously. He could scarcely understand the meaning of her words, but when she turned from him, he cried, as he caught her hands in his:

"Hear me a mere what you have just said, Diana; tell me again that all this is not comedy made to try my love. Am I dreaming, or is this reality?"

Without withdrawing her hands Lady Rowlands replied:

"You are not dreaming, Reginald. Thanks to Mildred's plan, I was not false to you."

Her voice at that moment had such tender accents that Lord Rowlands started, he pressed her hands convulsively and with an amazed delight the pressure was returned.

"What is the meaning of this? Am I dreaming?—have you pardoned me?—will you be loving wife in the future?"

Again a blush came to Diana's cheeks and in tones scarcely above a whisper she replied:

"If you still can love me, Reginald. I will do all in my power to repair the wrong I once did you."

Reginald covered his face in his hands and wept, but this time it was tears of joy he shed. Diana contemplated him in silence for a few moments, then gently drew his hands apart with the gesture of a mother consoling a child, and, softly advancing her face to his, she imprinted upon his lips the first kiss she had ever given him.

CHAPTER XIV.
DIANA'S SECOND MARRIAGE.

The following morning a servant was dispatched to Lord Courtour's with a note stating that Lord and Lady Rowlands had the pleasure of his company that evening at an informal dinner.

When Reginald met Mildred at breakfast he said, as he affectionately kissed her cheek:

"In my pretty sister-in-law constructs plans to make a man the most miserable or the happiest. That surely was Mildred, and with Diana's permission I will steal a few minutes from the latter's society to thank her, kneel Mildred tenderly, murmuring as he did so:

"Thank you a thousand times, dear child; it is sometimes good to be cruel."

That breakfast was the happiest meal Lord and Lady Rowlands had ever taken together. Diana was gentle and thoughtful. Reginald noticed this and questioned Diana about it, but she replied evasively. It was only when they were again alone together that she said:

"You will take me with foolishness when I tell you I can never be perfectly happy until you pardon me for all I committed."

"What is that duty?"

"A duty of marriage with you. This may sound strange to you, but on the day I married you I took a solemn oath upon the Bible to use every means in my power to make you the most miserable of men. Now that love has conquered my heart, I cannot cause you the least pain without suffering also. Ever on my conscience will lie that frightful oath, turning to bitterness my sweetest joy. If we could arrange to be married again I could retract the oath once taken on a like occasion."

Reginald's face was grave as he replied:

"I understand your motives, Diana, and I approve them, but I do not see how we could be married again without arousing serious gossip. But let us wait until Amos

comes this evening; his fertile brain will find a way out of the difficulty."

When Lord Courtour was announced, Reginald went to meet him with outstretched hands, saying:

"Thank you, dear faithful friend, for what you have done for me."

"Then you do not want to die as you said you did yesterday morning? Of all the changeful fellows on earth, you are the worst, Reginald," replied Amos, trying to light words to conceal his emotion.

When, later in the evening, Reginald told him of Diana's wish to be married for the second time, Lord Courtour answered:

"Your wish may be easily satisfied, Lady Diana. I have a castle in an outlandish town in Ireland, where, if you do not object to the religious forms, an old Catholic priest would marry you, little dreaming that the groom has been the husband for two years."

Diana's face brightened as she replied:

"Since my first wish has been so easily gratified, I become bolder and form another. I should like Mildred to be married on the same day. Our voyage with you to Ireland would then be explained, for we would be supposed to chaperon Mildred."

Before they separated for the night, the whole plan was settled and a week later they landed at Belfast. After two days of journeying through the picturesque scenery of the wild but beautiful country, they arrived at Lord Courtour's castle. The same evening the old priest was summoned to appear on the following morning to marry the young lord and one of his friends.

When the old man arrived the next day, he found the two young couples waiting for him. Diana and Reginald were married first. She was pale and her hand trembled violently in that of her husband as the priest pronounced the beautiful marriage ceremony of his church, but in her eyes beamed an expression of happiness vastly different from the one that had filled them on a like occasion a little more than two years before.

Next came Mildred and Amos, she happy that her affection was so well placed, he triumphant at having won so perfect a woman. After receiving a large sum of money for his services, the old priest was dismissed, and to the day of his death he thanked God that by those two marriages he had saved four souls from sin; for to his mind they were a pair of runaways.

While Lord and Lady Rowlands, as the guests of Mildred and her husband, were spending their honeymoon in Ireland, the sudden death of his father called Roger Strafford, back to Blandampton, but when, a month later he was about to depart for the mountains and the possession of his weary wanderings, he received news that by the death of a distant cousin, who had died without heirs, he became Duke of Blandampton, and the possessor of a large fortune. But this to Roger seemed for a time nothing, for since the day he had seen Diana become Countess of Rowlands, he had thought that he believed in neither love nor woman.

Still, God has decreed that God nor never made a man and that time and man shall believe in man and that true and love shall heal human hearts of injuries, and after some years a beautiful woman, whose soul was as beautiful as her face, loved Roger and was dearly loved by him, and his life, which had seemed so dreary, blossomed with happiness as things blossom in Paradise.

The End.

"Wouldn't Div' Me Some."

[Note.—The following poem, by G. W. Hall, the James Whitcomb Riley of Missouri, is, we think, superior to anything that Mr. Riley has done of late, and almost ties that other beautiful poem (author forgotten) entitled "An' well I likes my po." We take it that "tailfe raffle" is "call," though, like Browning, Mr. Hall is decidedly cryptic.]

Sweet little Ruthie toothie,
With flowing waxen hair;
Dear little Ruthie toothie,
Fairest of the fair;
Playing where the zephyrs soft
With insect voices hum,
Watching "'ittle tailfe-raffle
Tweet—tewing dum."

Gay little Ruthie—toothie
With eyes of heaven's blue
Says "Poor 'ittle Ruthie—toothie
Wants some tewin', too;
Where you det it, tailfe, raffle?
Won't you div' me some?"

Sad little Ruthie—toothie
Is disappointed now;
Poor little Ruthie—toothie
Tells her mamma how
"Mean 'ittle tailfe raffle
Det a-tewin' dam,
When I ask her, tailfe-raffle
Wouldn't div' me some!"

Men's Definitions of Flirts.

Excessive love of admiration is in nine cases out of ten, the real cause of many girls developing into flirts. A man will flirt chiefly for amusement, but a girl expects more than pleasure from the pastime of playing at courtship. It is when the man with whom she trifles exhibits an admiration for her pretty face, coquettish manner and accomplishments, that a girl enjoys flirtation, and, once assured that she possesses the power of attracting the attention of men with those charms, she is never content unless exercising her powers of fascination.

It is a peculiar fact, however, that there are few men who really admire flirts. A man is amused for the time being, and maybe shows a certain admiration, which leads a girl to think that she has made another conquest. But there is no sincerity in his admiration, and, after the flirtation is over, he quickly recognizes her shallowness, and the fact that she is a coquette, who simply plays at courtship for her own gratification.

As a proof of this, one only has to inquire of the average young man of today what he thinks of girls who flirt. In nearly every case it will be found that his opinion is far from laudatory, and that he is filled three other young men to express themselves thus regarding the flirt:

"A skilful angler, who, with the line of accomplishments and the bait of attractiveness, catches many men, only to throw them on the bank of forgetfulness, to be withered by the sun of unreturned affection."

"A fish who eats all the bait and escapes the hook."

"A belle no man ought to ring."

"A poacher in courtship's preserves."

"A man-trap (set at twenty, unspring at forty)."

"A girl who takes desperate chances of becoming an old maid."

"An utterer of false coin in the currency of love."

"An empty glass that a woman offers to a thirsty man."

"A female who essays to catch every train in the day, and finds herself left on the platform at night."

"A fire-screen, whose failure is owing to the fact that she has too many beaux to her string."

"A flirt may be compared to a piece of tinder, which lays itself out to catch sparks, but does not always succeed in lighting a match."

"A burglar in Cupid's kingdom, carrying a large assortment of skeleton keys in order to pilfer affections for her own gratification."

"One who steals her own heart in stealing the hearts of others."

"One who shakes well the bottle of love, but takes care to keep the cork in place."

"A hypocritical worshiper of Cupid."

"A female fly, who lays herself alongside of any male craft she can catch, engages him for a time, and then sheers off to attack another."

"A perfiously attractive combination of pretty face and cruel disposition."

"A rosebud that's crumpled by many before being gathered by one."

"A female flirt may be likened unto a rose tree. Each lover she has plucks a blossom, so that, by the time her unfortunate husband gets her, nothing remains for him but thorns."

He Was There on Business.

Judge Pittman, one day, while walking down the street, observed our coroner, Barney Maguire, standing in front of a lager beer saloon, evidently in a condition of expectancy concerning something that was going on within, for every minute or two he would peep through the window. The Judge accosted him, and the conversation followed:

Judge—Going down the street, Maginn?
Coroner—Not yet a bit.
Judge—What are you waiting for?
Coroner—Never you mind.
Judge—A friend inside?
Coroner—N-n-no.
Judge—Anything up?
Coroner—Well, no; but something's getting ready to be up.
Judge—Corpse in there?
Coroner—Well, not exactly, but I'm hopeful one soon will be.
Judge—Hopeful! Why, what do you mean?
Coroner—Judge, there's a man in there who has bet he can drink sixty glasses of lager in sixty minutes, and he's on the thirty-seventh glass now. He's going to win that bet, Judge, and then he'll be ready for me to set on. I'm laying around till he caves and goes under. Won't you wait and go on the jury?

The Judge waited and, in half an hour, the man came out with the chalice in his pocket and looking as if he would live for a hundred years. As he reached the pavement he said:

"Good mornin', Barney and Judge. Fine weather for the crops." And then passed on up the street, unsuspicious of the designs of Mr. Maginn, as he left the coroner scowling and, shaking his fist at the retreating absorber of malt liquor, he exclaimed:

"You chuckle-headed, beer-guzzling turkey buzzard! To go back on me that way! You wall-eyed Dutch idiot, if I had my rights, instead of you parading around the streets that way you'd be laid out on a slab with the doctor groping inside you and a jury of honest men considering a verdict. But it's always the way I'm treated. I'll fix you next time if I have to put bug poison in the beer."

Then Barney left, disconsolate.

Max Adeler.

Bound to be Popular.

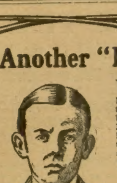
Engbert—I hope you will assign me a part in your new production that will enable me to please the audience.

Manager—Sure. I shall give you the part of Gunshoe, the detective.

Engbert—What does he do to win applause?

Manager—He dies in the first act.

Another "Rough Rider" Wins Out



WILLIE FUGATE is a twelve-year-old boy living in a town of 800 inhabitants in the Pecos River Valley, New Mexico, on the line of the Santa Fe Railroad. He had a broncho, but had grown tired of riding "bareback" and wanted a saddle. He read of a boy in an Eastern town having made money by selling The Saturday Evening Post, and wrote for information. His neighbors did not know much about The Post and he sold only two copies out of the ten received. ¶ Most of the trains stop at Willie's town for water and he wandered down to the station "to see the train come in." When he saw a number of passengers step out of the train a thought struck him. Mounting a pile of ties, he announced in a loud voice:

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When a man snores he ought to be rapped to slumber.

Many who marry in haste repent in the divorce court.

Spring fever by any other name would be laziness just the same.

If some men knew as much as they talk the encyclopedia would have to retire from business.

What the average man knows and what he thinks he knows are in comparison as the fly is to the elephant.

The wise man formerly built his house on a rock, but now he builds it on the sand and calls it a seaside hotel.

As a last resource Russia may plead that it has been trying to practice a little benevolent assimilation in Manchuria.

There are some children who should be chastised—and there are some parents also who should get what's coming to them.

When some men get into the public eye they afford the public about as much pleasure as a cinder would in a similar position.

It is reported that the War Department is suppressing another report from General Miles on the situation in the Philippines. General Miles may be obliged to start a paper.

Attorney-General Knox should turn the small boy loose on the peanut trust if he finds that he is needing any help in smashing it.

It is said that forty-nine languages are spoken in Boston, and some enterprising natives are trying to make it an even fifty by learning to speak English.

It is discovered that English schoolboys are bigger than the average of twenty-five years ago. Here's a powerful hint for Yankee boys to quit cigarettes and resume growing.

"Our celebration," said Mr. Cleveland at St. Louis, "should not waste itself on the pomp and pageantry that belong to war." And among those present when he said it were fifteen generals, thirty colonels, any number of majors and captains and two or three acres of governors' staffs in full uniform.

WINGS OF THE WIND;
Or, The Downfall of the Ravenels.
By James McKinney Merrill.

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Begun in No. 22, May 30. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mrs. Ravenel regarded her young friend in questioning alarm.

"What shall I do?" she asked, in an unsteady voice.

"Remain quietly here. I will see these men and learn their business," advised Evans. He then made his way into the hall and to the front door. This was now pushed open and a dark face peered in. Companions from behind crowded the man forward, and with loud and boisterous language men of the Rogue River pines came crowding into the house.

"Now, what does this mean?" demanded Evans Starling, facing the half tipsy woodsmen with apparent calmness.

"We wanter see the old man," said one, who seemed to be the leader of the gang. "He isn't here."

"Now, that don't go wi' us," continued the timber strikers' spokesman. "We know he's in the house and we want 'im. D'ye understand that, young feller?"

Starling saw that the men who had thus unceremoniously invaded the house had been drinking deeply, doubtless at Hickey's bar, and well knew the difficulty of reasoning with a tipsy man. He hardly knew what course to pursue under the circumstances.

"Who be you, anyhow?" demanded a second voice. "Who be you, the feller 'at rid over some of the boys yisterday? That's who you be. I say, chaps, let's down the young rooster afore he has time to peck us chicklin."

"Down him 'its, Swipes!"

The burly speaker made a sudden spring at the throat of Evans Starling. He had not counted on his youth however. The man toward whom he sprung sidestepped, and thrust out his foot, tripped the striker, who fell with a crash to the floor of Kilhaney's companions became uproarious and Starling's

Starling set his teeth and stiffened his frame for a contest with the undisciplined mob. To parley with drunken men is said to be utter nonsense, therefore he resolved to adopt such summary action as his well-besotted brains could understand.

He sprung to the lower step of the stairs leading to the upper part of the house. Grasping with one hand the bannister rail the specialist leveled a heavy blow at the head torn from the hand of Brillet at the hands of the excited striker.

"Now, clear out, every one of you, or I'll shoot to kill!" cried the young man from his vantage ground on the stair. There was a sudden recoil among the maddened millmen and log-cutters. The argument advanced by Starling was something even the besotted brains of Kilhaney's mob could understand, and they flinched accordingly.

"Come away, boys," growled the spokesman, who had now regained his feet. "We got the drop on us now, but we'll be on top next time we meet. We'll set fire to the dum ranch and make the old man and all his connection."

With growls and curses the raiders retreated, leaving Evans Starling master of the situation. The youth closed and bolted the front door and turned about in time to see Hope descending the stairs.

The girl was extremely excited, and it required all the soothing powers of her lover to calm her fears.

"Nobody's been hurt," declared he, "and there's no immediate danger, I'm thinking. Do you know where your father is, Hope?"

"Yes; he is upstairs asleep."

"What——"

"It is fatigue incident upon night vigils and constant attention that has unmanned him. Hush! I hear mamma in the next room. Say nothing; she imagines papa has gone away, and he wishes her to think so. If the strikers hear that their boss has left town they may give over their foolish war."

"Exactly, I understand," uttered Starling. At the same instant a low chuckle fell on the ears of the two. Both started and they beheld the stocky form of Spicer Brillet appear from the gloom and place up at them with a satisfied leer on his ugly face.

"So!" exclaimed the self promoter of riot, "your old dad is here at home, eh Wal, that's about what I expected, and I'm going to interview him presently right now. Just you step down and let one of yer betters go up."

The last words were plainly addressed to Starling, who stood in the center of the lower stair with Hope modestly behind him. The girl laid her hand on the young man's shoulder and whispered in his ear.

"He must not go up," she said. "He has murder in his heart, as you know."

"Quite true," returned Starling. "I'll manage the scamp in a manner that will set your fears at rest. Go to your room, Hope. Spicer Brillet. You are not going up stairs. Furthermore, if you attempt to give the alarm to your worthless cohorts I'll send a bullet through your brain."

The young specialist still held the revolver he had taken from the other ready for instant use. Spicer, something of a coward by nature, saw that he was still master of the situation.

"Eh—er——"

"No use mincing words," proceeded Starling. "Hope, have you a strong cord or small rope handy?"

"Yes; but there's a pair of old handcuffs, the property of Tom Simons, ex-sheriff——"

"Just the thing!" exclaimed Starling. "Bring them at once and we'll soon fix this traveler so that he won't frighten women and children hereafter."

Hope descended the stairs and passed down the hall to the rear regions of the house. Returning soon with a pair of glittering rings of steel she glanced at her lover for further orders.

"Hold up your hands, Brillet," commanded the irritated Starling, savagely, the strike leader obeyed. At a nod from Starling, Hope snapped the handcuffs over the ruffian's wrists, thus making him a prisoner.

"That will do," said Starling. "Now, if you have a strong room somewhere, we'll just lock Mr. Brillet in for the present and bring his case before the proper authorities later on."

Hope led the way to the basement, where, in a heavy oaken closet, the prisoner was thrust and the door locked upon him. After this Starling and Hope returned upstairs to meet Mrs. Ravenel, who was awaiting them in the hall, pale and anxious.

CHAPTER XIV.

Evans Starling remained in the lumberman's house during the greater part of the next day. At one time he was in consultation with the mill-owner, who had lost much of his old-time nerve, and was willing to receive and consider advice from any source.

Meantime, Colonel Tom was not idle. He had many friends among the millmen, and it required no great persuasion on his part to call a halt to the outlawry of the strikers, and induce Vernon Barrow to grant him an interview. This took place in the chamber of Mr. Hickey's "Palace."

The strike leader came in with a swagger meant to be intimidating, but Colonel Tom, who had not wholly recovered his strength, ignored the bluster of the other, and motioned him to a seat.

"I don't want any monkey business," growled Barrow, with a shrug of his heavy shoulders; at the same time he dropped heavily into a chair.

"I shall allow none, I assure you," said Colonel Tom. "I've called you in to learn if I can't settle now this trouble with Mr. Ravenel can be settled."

"It can be settled in only one way."

"Well?"

"Every mother's son of the boys must be

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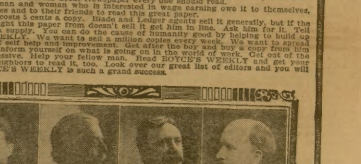
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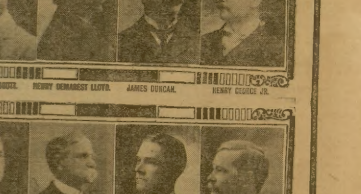
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paid to the last cent; that's the first thing."

"Proceed."

"And the old duffer on the ridge hain't got the money, so there can't be any settlement, as I see."

"Never mind that. It seems to me that, under such circumstances, the strike was extremely ill-advised, Burke."

"That's all you know about it, old man. We——"

"Never mind entering into an argument now. There is your friend, Briller!"

"Out among 'em somewhere. I don't exactly call him my friend, though. You see, he's fond of whisky and wants to smash things. That ain't my way."

"No. I'd like to hear it," with a smile at the memory of the time when this selfsame man was eager for violence and destruction of property. "Now, if you can get your money, you and the rest, will you call the strike off?"

"Yes; but——"

"Very good; get your men together this afternoon and have them come up to Hickey's office with their accounts, and they will be paid."

"Dye mean it, Kunnel?"

"Certainly, I mean it."

"Then it's true that old Ravener's been off hunting up that check. By thunder, that's lucky for him. The boys had planned to burn the mines and the bridge, but now that's off. Yes; Kunnel Tom, the boy'll be on in a minute. See this afternoon."

Vernon Barcap left the Colonel to himself and went to seek his fellows, his heart swelling with good news.

At the appointed hour the men of the Rogue River Mines filed into the office of the "Palace," each with a bit of folded paper between his fingers. Mr. Hickey, bookkeeper, had made out each man's account, and since there was no one to dispute his figures, there could only be sure that a liberal allowance was made in the time. It is questionable whether any man, sad as sadly as the money could be counted out each man went his way.

"Is this the last?" asked Colonel Tom, who stood just behind Hickey.

"I reckon it is," said the foreman.

"I haven't seen your friend, Spicer Brillet."

"No; that's a fact; nor do I or any of the boys know where he is. He was here when he was around among 'em this morning. He was the one who wanted to burn old Ravener's out."

"And the man who set fire to the mill?" said Colonel Tom, quickly.

"Like as not," assented Barcap. "I never took much stock in the feller, anyhow. He was too tough for me."

Colonel Tom did not care to prolong the talk with Barcap, although the latter hung about the place long after everything had been settled to the happiness and satisfaction of the strikers.

"What were you waiting for?" suddenly demanded Colonel Tom, turning on the unfortunate. "Haven't you anything for me?"

"No—yes—I s'pose so," stammered Barcap, confusedly, "but, you see, the boys would like to know something about the future."

"I have nothing to do with that."

"But are we all discharged?"

Colonel Tom regarded his questioner in utter astonishment. The impudence of the man was strikingly unique.

"Good heavens, man!" exclaimed Colonel Tom, "I thought you fellows were only too anxious to quit the service of such a master as Craik Ravener. Now, that you have no further claim upon him, I advise you to get out as quickly as possible. I don't imagine you'll ever work for Mr. Ravener again."

Vernon Barcap was not to be sat down upon in that manner. He inquired for the boss, declaring that he would like to see and talk with him. Colonel Tom proclaimed the knowledge of the lumberman's whereabouts, which was the truth, although Barcap seemed to doubt.

The strike met with an ignominious collapse. Some of the men left the mines to seek other fields of labor, while a majority remained to spend their hard earnings in the office of Killbuck, and have a "good time" generally.

Before leaving Colonel Tom turned his steps in the direction of the house on the ridge. He had taken it upon himself to pay off the striking crew without consulting Ravener, well knowing that this act only served to loosen the grip he had already secured on the rapidly declining fortunes of his ancient enemy.

On his way Colonel Tom overtook Hope, who was hurrying toward home from the house of the doctor. She smiled pleasantly and the two walked slowly along while the girl told him what had taken place at her home during the Colonel's absence.

And is Spicer Brillet, the schemer, Hope?" he asked, pausing and laying a hand on his companion's shoulder.

"I suppose so," was the reply.

"Good enough. He shall be turned over to the sheriff at once. He is far too dangerous a man to be permitted to run at large."

During the fortnight of Colonel Tom's sojourn under the same roof with Hope Ravener, he became aware of a new feeling regarding the daughter of his ancient enemy, and the love of the past seemed rekindled in his heart.

As her father's supposed friend, Hope took counsel of the Colonel, but she was wholly unprepared for what was to follow, and which was no doubt a part of the revenge marked out by the man from Colorado.

When Colonel Tom told how he had called off the strike, which was worrying her father into his grave, Hope turned to him with a bright light in her eyes and pressed her hand confidingly in his.

"You are indeed a generous friend to those in distress!" she exclaimed. "How can we ever repay your many kindnesses? Only think how wicked of me to distrust you so at the outset. I trust you will overlook my silly words, Colonel Dunsmere, and, if possible, grant me pardon."

"Don't distress yourself unnecessarily, Miss Hope," he returned. "I never gave a second thought to your remark. I assure you I have been amply repaid by your kindly feelings for me of late. I trust we may ever be friends."

With the words he carried her hand to his lips, much to the girl's surprise, although she made no attempt to withdraw it. By this time they had reached the vicinity of her home and two pairs of eyes had witnessed the little scene between man and maid—one of these being under the brows of Evans Starling.

CHAPTER XV.

Young Starling was not exactly pleased at what he saw, but remembering the Colonel's unusual gallantry at times where the fair sex was concerned, refused to be jealous, and received the approaching couple with the usual smile of good humor.

"Where is mamma?" asked Hope, a few minutes later, coming in upon the two men while they sat in a cosy office room over their cigars.

"Well, now that you speak of it," said Starling, "I remember that she went into the basement for something. Hasn't she returned?"

"No."

"Stay a moment," cried Colonel Tom, as the girl was about to leave the room. "Will you, as your father, Miss Hope? There is no longer necessity for his keeping in hiding."

The Colonel:soon had just been telling his young listener how he had muzzled the strike, and they were discussing the humiliation which the lumberman must endure.

"I will call him down," said the girl, her face glowing with the pleasing turn affairs had taken.

"It seems to me," said Starling, after the girl had departed, "that you have revenged yourself very much in the affairs of one who was a total stranger to you three months ago."

Colonel Tom smiled grimly and flicked the ashes from his cigar.

"I thought," said he, "that I told you that Ravener owed me a debt of gratitude for it? Well, such is really the fact, and I have been doing my best to show him some of the gratitude for an act of his done to me some twenty years ago. I hardly think you would care to hear the story, as I am in a mood for telling it just now."

"Indeed not. Mr. Ravener has regarded you in the light of a new acquaintance. Colonel."

"Oh, yes," laughing. "Twenty years changes a man very much. He hasn't recognized me, and the dear old friend of other days, nor do I care that he should. I am now Colonel Tom, quite a different angel unawares."

The speaker loosened his cigar and relapsed into thoughtful silence.

The manner of the Colonel was not exactly cordial, and Starling was sure there was something of sarcasm in his words, and he looked curiously at his friend, as if to ask for an explanation a shuffling step was heard and the door opened, and Hope entered, and the subject of their remarks appeared. He was heavy-eyed, as if from want of sleep, and moved with an unsteady step. Starling could see that the mill-owner had aged perceptibly during the past few days. His many troubles worked upon his vitality to a marvelous degree.

He seemed like a stranger in his own house, acting awkwardly when Colonel Tom extended his hand to take a seat, the only one in the room, just by the window. Shaking hands with Starling, Ravener regarded both of the two men stupidly for fully a minute or more before speaking. Starling at first thought his mind seemed affected.

"If you, Colonel Tom," he finally said, in a husky voice, "I've been having a deuce of a time with my head these two days. I really thought I should go crazy, should, in fact, but for Hope. You see, I have not quite come to myself yet, and had to suffer in silence. What's this my daughter tells me about the strike being called off?"

"The plain truth, Craik," returned Colonel Tom, "I've some bonds in your business, and you are at liberty to resume work as soon as you have new men."

"Rather sudden, wasn't it?"

"Yes; it took two days' time to settle up things. Everybody is satisfied, however, and the strike, which has terrorized Killtory, is nearly a matter of the story of history."

"And a very painful history at that," said Starling.

"Colonel Tom, you have done this for me!" exclaimed Craik Ravener, suddenly warming with deep feeling. "How can I ever repay you for such kindness? I owe you more than one debt which can never be canceled."

"Don't mention it, old chap. It's my way, you know," and Colonel Tom smiled his old, unfathomable smile.

Evans Starling believed there was something in the air which he could not quite fathom. Understanding that the two men would prefer to be alone, the young man withdrew to another part of the house. The moment he was gone a change came over the face of Colonel Tom Dunsmere, a sudden seriousness that chased the last vestige of amusement from his still pale visage.

"You are owing me a considerable sum of money, Mr. Ravener," said he. "Today's transaction adds about two thousand to the debt."

"Yes, yes, I know, and I am anxious to secure you in any way you may wish, Colonel."

"You mean that, Craik?"

"Most certainly."

"Your hand on that, old chap." Colonel Tom held out his hand, and Craik Ravener, with extended hand. The two clasped palms.

"Now, what is it, Colonel Tom?" questioned Ravener. "Remember, anything in my power to grant is yours for the asking."

"It is a simple thing, which, if granted, cancels all your debt to me."

"Yes, yes; but what is it? Speak out and not keep me guessing."

"All I ask to cancel your debt to me of half a hundred thousand dollars is the hand of your daughter in marriage," said the Colonel, solemnly.

Before another word could be uttered, a piercing scream rang through the big house, a scream that chilled and startled the hearts of those who heard.

CHAPTER XVI.

Colonel Tom, slowly followed by his host, quitted the room in search of the cause of that wild, startling scream which seemed to emanate from the lower regions of the house.

Colonel Tom had gone but a little way when he met Hope, pallid, panting, trembling in every limb. He extended a protecting arm in time to save the girl from falling.

"What is it?" he asked. "What frightens you, my child?"

"Oh, mamma, mamma! she is dead!" wailed Hope, burying her white face in the bosom of the somewhat embarrassed Colonel. He tried to soothe her as best he could, and succeeded in learning that something of a terrible nature had happened in the basement of the house. Thither Colonel Tom repaired at once, leaving Hope, who was almost hysterical, to the care of her father. On entering the lower room he found Beryl Ravener lying on the cement floor in a dead faint. She was still breathing, although the crimson life tide flowed from a wound in her head.

Colonel Tom bent over the prostrate woman. He was cool enough as he felt the heart and pulse, and noted the silent sadness of the face which had at one time been famed for its handsome beauty.

No wonder is it that he traveled back in memory to a time when a touch of this woman's hand, a single glance from her wonderfully beautiful eyes, would have set his pulses to throbbing. Not a trace of sadness touch his own face, and a remorseful thrill came to him just now, but the temptation of all he had been to this woman in the past was not the part he had been acting during the recent weeks? It may be. It is not our province to attempt to analyze the motives and feelings of this man as he gazed into the presence of death, the fruits of whose work he had been watching influence.

After a moment the old calmness returned to Colonel Tom. He sprung up and glanced keenly about the room. On the floor near the window was a pair of half-rusty handcuffs. Then occurred the truth to the man from Colorado. He went to the door of a closet and peered within. It was empty. He was easy enough to fathom the momentary mystery of Mrs. Ravener's condition.

By some means the villainous Brillet had removed his handcuffs, and perhaps had persuaded the mistress of the house to open the door. Then he had repaid her generosity by beating her down with the handcuffs, and making good his escape.

The whole story of Spicer Brillet's villainy and capture had been told Colonel Tom by Craik, and the two men had even discussed how the rascally logger was to be taken to the scene of the crime, never once imagining he was to successfully elude the law in the manner now indicated.

Turning once more to Mrs. Ravener, Colonel Tom lifted her in his arms, held her tightly one instant, then strode up the stairs and summoned Jane Kent, the only servant left in the house, to point out a bed for the depositing of his burden. This done, in the cool mood of the mountains walked outside in search of Starling. That youth had long since taken his departure, however, so it devolved upon him to go for a physician.

Killbuck boasted two disciples of Esculapius at that time—Doctor Ravener—was at home. He hastened to the lumberman's manor to the urgent request of Colonel Tom.

Mrs. Ravener was not dead, yet she lay in a comatose condition for a long time, and the doctor said he feared concussion of the brain.

Hope had by this time recovered her composure sufficiently to minister lovingly to her mother, while Colonel Tom and Craik Ravener consulted in the room in an adjoining chamber. The whole household knew how the murderous assault came about, but Craik Ravener had it warfrom Spicer Brillet the woman had received her wound, and with Colonel Tom's advice, measures were at once adopted looking to the arrest of the outlaw.

The mill-owner's wife was well thought of in Killbuck, and the town would not have been at all surprised to hear that Brillet after his last murderous act.

At the urgent request of Ravener, Colonel Tom remained an inmate of the lumberman's home. "I don't seem able to get on a horse without you," declared he. "Now, my wife is going to die, and Hope is so broken up over her mother's misfortune as to be quite knocked out."

This was three days after the assault on Mrs. Ravener. The woman had regained consciousness, but was very weak and helpless. Hope hovered constantly at her mother's bedside, fighting off the grim determination with all the vigor of her determined young nature. Doctor Denver had given very little hope, however, the stricken woman having scarcely spoken since her mishap.

Search was being made in every nook and corner of the region roundabout for the assassin, but as yet proving successful. Evans Starling did not return immediately, having gone to the woods to look after one of his men's claims.

Colonel Tom and the mill-owner were closeted together as was their want on frequent occasions of late. The Colonel had reversed the usual order of things, and none the worse for his recent severe illness. He was smoking and toying with the pen of Craik Ravener uttered the words last recorded. A faint smile played about the mouth of Colonel Tom.

"You ought to be thankful that you have such a friend as I, Craik," said he, "I am, said, slowly.

"I am thankful, Colonel Tom. Heaven alone knows what I should have done without your help."

"And the money you agreed to pay next month will be forthcoming, of course."

"Good heavens! What do you expect?——"

"Calm yourself, Craik. There's an easy way out, as you know."

"But I've spoken to Hope, and she——"

"Doesn't like the idea of wedding a man old enough to be her father, eh?"

"It's not so much that," explained the other, "but there's another man in the case —that scapegrace of a young Starling."

Colonel Tom frowned. Of course, he understood this before, but he had set his heart on securing the beautiful Hope for himself, and not even his friendship for the young protege would be permitted to stand in the way of his desires.

"I am sorry for you, Mr. Ravener. I shall demand my money unless the girl consents. I am not so very old——"

"No; it's not your age. She respects you very much, but she has pledged her truth to Starling."

"Oh, well, I'll see about that," grunted Colonel Tom. "I'll fix his flint for him. He is penniless without my help, and he'll do as I tell him. I'll give you one week in which to think this over, Mr. Ravener, one week to win Hope over to my wishes."

"Have you said anything to her, Colonel?"

"Yes; a good deal," with a low laugh.

"And she?"

"Has shown a half decided in my favor."

"That's encouraging. If poor Beryl had not met with this terrible misfortune, I should have her aid. Hope has never disobeyed her mother."

A sudden light shot into the eyes of Colonel Tom. He rose to his feet, removed his cigar, and drawled: "Just the thing, Craik."

"How is that?"

"Beryl—your wife," his voice hoarse with some inward feeling. "She is better. She must be made to understand matters, and use her influence with Hope. I'll see you again later."

With the words Colonel Tom quitted the room, leaving Craik Ravener to his varying emotions.

"I am completely in that man's power," he muttered with a groan. "It is ruin, utter ruin, unless Hope complies. It's only a matter of men, Craik," he said. "I'll see Beryl. She will, she must, aid me now!"

With the words Craik Ravener got upon his feet and shuffled from the room, going directly to his wife's apartment.

The ledger of next week will contain another installment of this story, leading to further complications. All subscribers are invited to note our announcement regarding free cartoons and free patterns on pages thirteen and fifteen.

"What? You lost money in that Concatenation Gold Mining Combination? I thought you said they were going to let you in on the ground floor."

"So they did. So they did. But they let me out through the cellar."

The Girl I Love.

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

A song for the girl I love—
The girl I love so true.

A song for the eyes that tender shine,
And the mouth that rosy must be mine;
The shimmering tresses uncontrolled
That clasp her neck with tendrils of gold,
And the little dimples out and in—
The girl I love!

God love her!

A song for the girl I loved—
The girl I loved here!
A song for the cruel fated light,
And the cheek whose red rose waned to
white,
And the quiet brow, with its shadow and
gleam,
And the dark lashes drooped in a long, deep
dream,
And the small hands crossed for their
churchyard rest,
And the lilies dead on her sweet dead
breast—
The girl I loved—
God loved her!

Eleven to One.

Miss Prim—He is boasting that he stole a dozen kisses from you.

Miss Pert—That's a base fib.

Miss Prim—I'm glad to hear it.

Miss Pert—Yes; he only stole one. I gave him the others.

Matter of Sex.

She—At the conclusion of an argument between a man and a woman the man is silenced if not convinced.

He—Yes; and the woman is convinced, but never silenced.

A Bully Boy.

Employer—Yes, I advertised for a strong boy. Think you will fill the bill?

Applicant—Well, I just finished fixin' nineteen other applicants out in de hall.

THE REAL CRANK

Is Plainly Marked.

A crank is one who stays in beaten paths when common sense tells him to leave.

The real crank is one who persists in using coffee because accustomed to and yet knows it hurts him. It is this one who always says the penalty, while the sensible person who gives up coffee and takes on Postum Food Coffee in its place enjoys all the benefits of returning health.

A well known manufacturer's agent of New York City visited the grocery department of one of the big New York stores not long ago and there he tasted a sample cup of Postum made the right way. He said afterwards: "Just through the energy of that young woman who was serving Postum there I became a convert to the food drink and gave up the drug drink coffee and got well.

"I had used coffee to excess and was gradually becoming a complete wreck, getting weaker and more nervous every day. I paid the penalty of using coffee and when I tasted the delicious Postum I was glad indeed to make the change.

"So I gave up the coffee altogether and have used Postum instead ever since. My family at first called me a crank but seeing how Postum benefited me the first month they all got in line and as a result of Postum's remarkable benefits to me we all drink it now entirely in place of coffee and we are well." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Meant Well.

Observing a prim, angular matron in the elevator*, Colonel Hankthunder removed his hat.

On reaching the tenth floor the elevator conductor, a dignified personage with side whiskers, leaned over and whispered to the Colonel:

"Lady says will you please put your 'at on again, sir? Your bald 'ead dazzles her eyes, sir."

*London Tit-Bits will please change to "lift."

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ONE MILLION CURED CASES.

You Can Be Cured Whether You Believe in Christian Science or Not.

Over a million cases of disease in every form are now to the credit of Christian Science Healing. Most of these were cases that the doctors had given up as "incurable." Many more were chronic maladies that had baffled their skill for years. All were quickly cured; some were cured instantly. The evidence on these facts is simply indisputable and the curing still goes on. There can be no mistake or misstatement about it. The healers and their work are in public view. As a C. S. healer my many marvelous cures have startled the world. During the past 12 years I have healed diseases of almost every known kind and in every stage of severity. They included many surgical cases where operations were otherwise threatened. I cured cases that were far away from me, as well as those near at hand. And I tell you in like manner that wherever you may dwell, whether one or many physicians have failed to give you relief, if you report the case to me and so desire, you shall be cured. This is no vain or idle promise. My past successfully justifies it. You can be cured whether you believe in Christian Science or not. You can be cured whether in this city or thousands of miles away from me. In our Christian Science Healing distance is of no account; disbelief is not any hindrance; disappointments of the past only make stronger grounds for hope. All you really need is the wish to be healed.

I have just published a little book in regard to this blessing which I call "A Message of Health and Healing." If you write to me I will gladly send you a copy free. It gives many interesting facts and convincing testimonials. Enclose 2-cent stamp for postage. S. A. Jefferson, C. S. B., Suite 604, 112 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

Power of Habit.

"What's that you are sending away, Will?" asked his wife.

"That," replied Mr. E. Will Borus, the struggling author, as he sealed the envelope, "is a letter of regret in reply to an invitation to attend a reception at the Hoosfords' next week."

"But what did you inclose all those stamps for?"

"To be sure—I forgot!" he said, opening the letter again, in some confusion.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Fixing the Limit.

"Excuse me," said the good old deacon of the village church to the new parson, "but some members of the congregation complain that you do not speak loud enough."

"Well, deacon," replied the parson, "money talks, you know; but you can hardly expect $60 a year to give an imitation of a foghorn."

Spring in the City.

Mrs. Brickrow—This is a genuine spring day.

Mrs. Fifthfloor—I have been as happy as a bird all the morning. The hand organ at the corner has a new repertoire, my window plants are beginning to bloom, and my husband has brought me all the new seed catalogues to read.

Real Thing.

Physician—What seems to be the trouble?
Patient—Dyspepsia, I guess.
Physician—How do you feel?
Patient—As though I had swallowed everything mentioned in a cookbook.

JOKES AND

A Variety of Breakfast Food.

A kindly Massachusetts man was timidly wending his way through the effete West, and chanced in a restaurant in one of the frontier towns. The waiter was armed with a sorrowful towel tied about his waist, a dented tin tray and a couple of guns. The Easterner looked him over in a gentle way and asked him if he had any breakfast food.

"I guess yes," responded the cowboy-waiter. "We got ham and eggs, fried sausage, chuck steak, spareribs, mutton chops, corned beef hash, hog and hominy, light bread, heavy bread, toast bread, apple butter, peach butter, cow butter, coffee, tea, buttermilk and beer. Breakfast food? Well, that's our winner. Name your grub."

The Mighty Fallen.

"What is that bored-looking old fellow in the opera box with the richly-dressed woman?"

"That's a duffer of the name of Spykus. Got immensely rich in mining stocks or something of that sort, I believe."

"Spykus? I haven't heard that name for a dozen years or more. I used to know a famous baseball player named Hi Spykus, but he disappeared all at once and I've never heard of him since."

"Yes; this is the same man."

An Appropriate Tombstone.

I was strolling through an Oklahoma cemetery one Sunday afternoon with a native of that town, and we came across a new tombstone. On top of the marble slab was a hand with the index finger pointing upward.

My guide stopped and looked at it, and then looked at the name on the face of the monument.

"Well, well," he declared, "if that isn't just like old Thompson. He never did order nuthin' but one boss at a time."

Beyond the Reach of the Reformers.

I am thankful that the sun and moon
Are both hung up so high
That no reforming hand can reach
To take them from the sky.
For if they weren't, I have no doubt
That some presumptuous ass
Would move to take them from their place
And light the world with gas.

Before and After.

Mr. Man—No, Maria, I didn't suppose you would appreciate this ball game. What you need is something sensational; you women are so hysterical, while man is a calm, reasoning—— Whee! Soak 'im again! Rah! Rah!! Rah!!! Home run! Home run! Take it, you idiot! Slide! Slide! Slide!!! Confound that infernal fool of an umpire, he ought to be strung up from the nearest lamppost.

Cora—I think mother is altogether too outspoken in her criticism of my husband's actions.
Mildred—Yes; it's not altogether wise to call a spade a spade.
Cora—No; nor a rake a rake!

Up-to-Date Juveniles.

He—Do you believe in long wedding journeys?
She—No; I should say not. For you can't possibly get a divorce until you get back, you know.

Only Relatives Barred.

Mouldy Mike—We'll live on th' fat o' th' land soon. In th' town we're comin' to there's a asylum where all relatives is welcome. It was founded by a rich woman, and till us tramps takes it in every time.

Weerie Willikin—Why didn't she leave her money to her relatives?

Mouldy Mike—She said she wasn't goin' to support idle relatives that was able to work for a livin'.

Mr. and Mrs. Grumpps.

Mrs. Grumpps—I s'pose you'll fix your will so that I won't get a cent if I marry again. You're just mean enough.

Mr. Grumpps—No, my dear. I have merely inserted a wish that if you marry again it shall be to Mr. John Jimson. He and I were boys together. He licked me once.

A Thoughtful Maid.

Daughter—Have you an old umbrella that you don't care for?

Mrs. Gotham—There's an old one on the rack.

Daughter—Would it matter if I brought it back covered with grease.

Mrs. Gotham—Not a particle. Why?

Daughter—I am going downtown, and may have to pass under an elevated railroad.

Nothing New.

First Citizen—What do you think of this idea of an army of the unemployed marching to Washington?

Second Citizen—That's nothing new. It happens every four years.

Evidence of a Good Time.

Finnegan—Sure, an' the Gilligans musht 've had an illigant time at th' wake lasht night!

Murphy—Was ye there, Finnegan?

Finnegan—I was not. But old man Gilligan sent aroun' thish mornin' for th' loan uv me bottle of whisky!

Evidence Was Conclusive.

First Office Boy—Why do you t'ink de old man's wife is in Europe?

Second Office Boy—Why, I jes' seen him put a check in a letter, swear like sixty an' den put a 5-cent stamp on it.

JOLLITY

Something Wrong.

"Do you think I am losing my beauty, Henriette? It's almost two weeks since any one proposed to me."

Paying the Penalty.

Mr. Workhard—My dear, I have lost my situation, and it just happens that I haven't a dollar ahead. We must go to the poorhouse for dinner.

Mrs. W.—Surely some of the grocers with whom we have dealt for so many years will trust us?

Mr. W. (madly)—No, I have no credit anywhere. I always paid cash.

Very Punctual.

Jimson—Is Mr. Noodles in?

Boy—Not yet, but I expect him every minute.

"It's 10 o'clock, isn't it?"

"Most. The clock will strike in half a minute, if not sooner. There she goes!"

"All right. I promised to be here at 10 o'clock and pay him some money. Tell him I called and he wasn't in." (Rushes off.)

Encouraging.

"Say, Sally, d'ye reckon yer maw likes me?"

"I dunno, Hiram; but ef she takes after me she does."

How He Placated Her.

Maisie—The diamond in this engagement ring is awfully small.

Morton—I told the jeweler it was for the smallest hand in the city.

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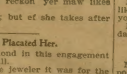

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Unpopular Statesman.

Winkers—Why is it that women always dislike a prominent man who is an old bachelor?

Blinkers—Because they can't say that he would never have amounted to anything if it had not been for his wife.

A Fickle Girl.

Arthur (gloomily)—I am afraid Mabel's love for me is cooling.

Friend—Have you heard from her today?

Arthur—Yes, and here's her letter. She uses the word "love" only sixteen times, and only underscores it ten.

He—You said once you loved me more than anything else in the world.

She—But that, my dear, was before I found Fido.

A Fashionable Luxury.

Bliffers—There goes Mrs. De Fashion, the great society leader.

Whiffers—She'd be rather a handsome woman were it not for her mouth.

"Too large?"

"No, but it has such a disagreeable sort of a pucker."

"Oh, that comes from eating early strawberries."

A Utilitarian.

Daughter (pleadingly)—I am sure you will like George. He is the most conscientious young man I ever knew.

Father (a business man)—Then don't you dare to marry him! You'll starve to death!

Perils of Free Suffrage.

Mrs. Grumpps—What objection could there possibly be to letting women vote?

Mr. Grumpps—Wouldn't do at all. Women never know when they are beaten. Both sides would claim the victory and never give up.

She Didn't Go.

He (after a tiff)—Going home to your mother, eh?

She—Yes, I am.

He—Huh! What do you suppose she'll say to you?

She—She'll say, "I told you so." (He made up.)

Faithful.

Fair Missionary—Wung, why don't you come to our Sunday school?

Laundryman (apologetically)—I gottee wife in China.

Locating the Trouble.

"Perhaps," remarked the caller, observing that the rain seemed to be falling in a sheet down the side of the house, "the pipes are clogged with leaves."

"I don't think it is that," said Mrs. Lapsling. "The gutturals are old and need repairing."

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LADY Agents wanted. Send for catalogue of latest rubber articles for women. Address KENNARD & CO., Chicago.

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PITTSBURGH EGG SEPARATOR

It separates the white of the egg from the yolk without breaking the yolk. Necessary in all cooking. Day where eggs are used. No kitchen complete without one. Prize only 10c. for sample.

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MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Dept. N-2, CHICAGO.

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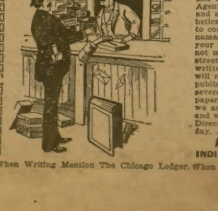
BIG MAIL FREE!



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When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A DANGEROUS QUEST;

or, The Fate of the Dauntless Three.

By THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

(Copyright, 1903, by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 19, May 8. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DAINTON'S DANGER.

In an instant Dainton comprehended what had happened. But one thing could have taken place, as he readily realized.

Minter had been captured and carried away by their enemies.

Without a moment's hesitation Dainton set out on a run in the direction of the great building. It occurred to him at once that Minter's captors would take him there, unless they should kill him on the way, and he hoped to overtake them before they could reach their destination.

He did not stop to consider what he would do when he overtook them, nor how he could, alone and single-handed, hope to cope with them in his effort to rescue Minter. His only thought was of finding Minter, the rest would be attended to when the time came.

He up the slope to the ridge overlooking the valley beyond which the building was located. He had expected that from that point he would be able to see Minter and his captors, for he reasoned that they had not had time to travel any great distance.

He halted on the crest of the ridge and scrutinized the valley closely, but, greatly to his disappointment, he saw no one. He could see clear across to the building, too, so it was certain that there was no one on the roof.

Is it possible," Dainton asked himself, "that they have already reached the building with Minter?"

He must sank at the thought, for he realized full well that if such was the case Minter's rescue was indeed hopeless. He could never hope to attack with that building, and besides he would not be able to defend himself against such superior numbers as his enemies possessed in a place where they would have all the advantages of him.

He disliked to believe that Minter's captors had got safely away with their prisoner, but he was forced to accept that conclusion. There was no other view he could take of the matter, as much as he would have been glad to accept some other and unanxiously as he tried to reason out another.

"Poor Minter," he mused, "you are lost, and all because I was fool enough to waste time there in the cave when I should have been with you. Poor Minter!"

He threw his hand back and accidentally struck it against his revolver. Instantly he drew the weapon from his pocket and held it before him while he stood gazing at it intently.

"You have stood me in hand well," he said, addressing the pistol, "but you are the are of no use now, for my last charge of ammunition is gone."

He was silent a moment, then, with an air, and to tones of defiance, he went on:

"If I only had a half dozen rounds of ammunition I could go over there and capture that whole band and bring back Minter and Maria away. But," he admitted, sadly, "I have not them."

At that moment he would have given all his possessions for enough charges to have loaded his pistol. He never more acutely felt the need of a small item, and never more fully felt the impossibility of obtaining it.

Notwithstanding his knowledge of the fact that he would be completely powerless to render Minter any assistance in the building, he did not have the heart to refuse to go there to exert himself to the utmost to his friend's behalf, and if the worst happened, to die with him.

Dainton was not the man to swerve from whatever he considered his duty, and no amount of danger could deter him from the prosecution of an undertaking, no matter how hopeless that undertaking might be.

He walked rapidly down the slope of the ridge, taking a straight line toward the building, following a narrow path that led through a belt of woods that was thickly grown with underbrush. It was the same piece of woods in which Antoinette had lost her course the night before, and as Dainton stumbled along he came upon that spot where Antoinette had fallen.

He recognized the place at once from the description she had given of it, and stopping for an instant to scan it, he said:

"Poor girl, she had a hard time of it with those rascals, and it is a wonder that she escaped them."

Then he thought of her, alone back there in the cave waiting for his return, and of the almost certainty that she would wait and wait, and all in vain.

"It is not likely that she will ever see me again," he said, "for it is scarcely probable that I will ever come out of the building alive when once I have entered it."

As he ceased speaking he saw a piece of bright metal glittering in the sunshine at his feet. He stooped to pick it up and found that it was a knife buried under the leaves.

"Ah!" he said, "that is a happy find."

He tried the blade and found that it was true metal. He caressed it and fondled it with as much pride as though it had been made of the rarest and costliest material.

It was a priceless thing to him, because it afforded him a means of defending his life against the attacks of his enemies. It was not, of course, anything like as valuable as a means of defense as his pistol would have been had it been loaded, but it was far better than nothing save the naked hands.

He put the knife in his pocket, where he could easily and speedily reach it, and started on. But when he had taken a few steps he came to another halt. His attention had been attracted by a slight rustling among the bushes, and he paused, and for a little while stood intently listening.

For some time all was still, no sound breaking the hush that lay over the forest save the soft whisperings of the gentle breeze that played among the trees. Dainton began to think that after all he had been deceived in the sound, or hearing, and was about to move on again. But at that moment the rustling sound reached him again.

"There is some one there," he thought, as he drew the knife and stood on the defensive.

Almost immediately afterward a wild animal, not larger than a rabbit, emerged from the bushes, and, crossing the path just before Dainton, disappeared in the woods beyond.

Dainton drew a long breath and put the knife away again.

"It was only that animal after all," he said, "but I was sure that it was some person."

Dainton was mistaken in arriving at the conclusion that the animal he had seen had made the noise that had attracted his ear and listen. That noise proceeded in reality from a man who had concealed himself in the bushes for a purpose. That man was Alfonso.

After Antoinette's escape Alfonso had been released from confinement. Her flight had naturally led to people believe her story regarding Alfonso false and his story true. So they had set him headed to give him his liberty.

Learning from the others the particulars of Antoinette's escape, it had occurred to Alfonso that she might possibly be in hiding in the forest, and that was why he had been seen. He thought it would be as well to make an investigation and see whether such might not be the case.

Shortly thereafter, after the stops the next day he came to the forest and began a search for Antoinette. He had been there some time and had begun an extensive search, and was on the point of giving up the effort and returning home, when finally he saw Dainton approaching.

He at once recognized the hatred and bitter enmity of a jealous and discarded lover, and he thirsted for his life. He was a coward, but the chance of such a deadly foe he might be able to take a secret advantage of Dainton appeared to Alfonso like a reward to try it, at least.

Therefore he had lain in ambush by the wayside and waited for Dainton to pass, so that he might spring out and stab him in the back. He changed his mind a little he had rustled the bushes and scared from its lair the wild animal.

The appearance of that animal was an unfortunate event for Dainton, for it disarmed him of suspicion and threw him completely off his guard. Had it not made its appearance Alfonso would have approached cautiously, keeping a sharp look-out for Dainton. He would have had the knife in his hand and been ready to use it at a moment's notice.

As it was, he went forward, having no thought of impending danger, never suspecting for an instant that a deadly foe was lurking near.

He had taken a few steps, and had just passed the spot where Alfonso lay concealed, when the latter, with unfaltering ness of a panther the latter sprang from the bushes with uplifted knife and stood in Dainton's path. Before the latter could blow, his teeth firmly set together, and his eyes glaring in fiendish rage, Alfonso drew his face shone with the light of triumph.

CHAPTER XIX.

MINTER SURPRISED.

What had happened to Minter was this. He had left the cave in search of his enemy and been carried away during Dainton's absence. Just as Dainton had surmised.

As Dainton, Minter and Antoinette approached the cave a body of the islanders, who had fled from the storm, were approaching from the direction of Dainton's location. It so happened that the islanders had come upon the Americans unawares and unseen. They were in a belt of timber and were in consequence screened from view.

The islanders, seeing the Americans more than they came to a halt, and waited to see what they might do, hoping that they might get an advantage of them and be able to either kill or capture them.

"We want to take no desperate chances," the leader of the islanders said. "But if we can manage to capture those men without taking any risks, we may do so."

His companions listened, but said nothing. He went on, saying:

"We shall never be at peace again while those men are alive on this island, and for that reason we have got to hunt them down."

"That's true," some one replied, "but it seems to me that hunting them down is a pretty ticklish business."

"Yes," another replied, "and a business at which we don't succeed as much as one could wish."

"For my part," said another, "I have had about as much of this thing of hunting those men down as I want, and if they would agree to leave me alone I am sure I would be willing to let them alone."

"I don't believe," observed an old fellow, "that we can ever capture those Americans, for it seems that they have the devil's own luck. Look how easily they escaped us this morning right at the moment when they were beginning to get the power."

"Yes; and all on account of that storm. Whoever heard of such luck as that."

"I never did, I'm sure. If that storm had come one minute later those men would not now be living."

"True, and as miraculous as their escape was from the storm, it was more remarkable than their escape from the storm itself. It had no other idea than that they were buried in that enclosure."

The leader had listened to these speeches, but was not affected by them. He was a braver and bolder man than his companions, and he had an idea of giving up the fight.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I do not believe anything in luck. Those Americans are good fighters, and this morning they had the advantage of us. Besides, they could beat us down and we could not help it."

A murmur of well enough" was all the man interrupted. "We were there and saw our companions fall."

"True," the leader answered. "But now they cannot shoot us."

"How do you know that?"

"They would not have stopped shooting last night had they been able to keep it up. They quit because they had nothing more to shoot with. Now, we have a chance with them, and if we can get an advantage of them we shall be able to capture them."

"How are we to get an advantage of them?" some one asked.

"I have a plan in my head that. We will have to watch them and wait for an opportunity."

Just then the Americans reached the cave and the islanders and Antoinette went in, while Minter remained without. The latter stood at the mouth of the cave for a little while, then stood out a short distance and sat down on a log.

"Now, then," the leader of the islanders, "in our time to capture that one. But we must be very careful, for I know that we are about. Neither must we kill him if we can avoid it. We must take him alive before Juan Dainton."

"If we catch him," one of his companions added.

"We will try to catch him, and I hope we shall succeed. Some of you men go and I will rush upon him and kill him. We must have him dead or alive."

The leader told two men to accompany him in the execution of a plan he had conceived, and then placed himself right at the edge of the woods, and with his back to it, in order that he might not see his head resting on his hands, and appeared to be asleep.

The leader's plan was to steal upon Minter from the rear and spring down on him before he could realize his danger, a proper caution this could be done and so stated to his companions.

"I don't know about it," said the old man, shaking his head. "You may succeed, but I have my doubts."

"We can tell by trying," the leader replied with scorn. "You must have been a pack of cowards, and I think you would run from Dainton if he were among us."

"Because," answered the old man, "we would be good enough for me, for if we saw their shadows we would know they were close about."

"Is that so?"

"A good deal of it. I have seen those men fight."

"And so have I."

"Perhaps you are not where I was this morning. You did not feel the effect of their fighting as I did."

"If you are afraid, sir, to talk like a man—"

"Perhaps I am."

"I know you are."

"Perhaps those men lying dead over yonder at that place are cowards, too."

"No; they were not. They were brave men and did not fear the Americans."

"That is true. They did not fear them, and therefore they are dead and we are not. They would not be where they are if they had feared."

The leader wheeled on the old man angrily.

"See here," he cried, "I have had enough of your croaking. I believe that in addition to being a coward you are also inclined to favor those Americans. Is it so?"

The old man replied, slowly, "I am not exactly inclined to favor them, but, to be honest with you, I am bound to say that I have more doubts as to whether or not treating them just right. We know nothing that they had done to deserve being up to the time Juan threw them into prison."

"We certainly know of some things they have done since, however."

"Yes, and we know that whatever they have done was done in self-defense or defense."

"That may be true, but they are Americans, and as such are our bitter enemies."

"I am not aware of that."

"Juan Dainton says they mean to get control of the island and make us their slaves."

"Juan Dainton is an American, and for that reason you know."

"Do you doubt what Juan says? Do you think he lies?"

"I believe you will see that he lies. I heard what he said last night about Juan, and that wild man that is very suspicious."

"What was that?"

"Why, it was told me that that man was Pedro Alfonso, and Juan Marcels had kept him somewhere imprisoned until he had become what we saw him when he attacked Juan."

"That is a lie, and you are childish to believe it."

"Maybe so, but I doubt it."

"Well, we will talk no more of that. Here, you two that I have selected, come with me. And the rest of you be ready at a signal to come to our help. Cautious, now, and let no man make a noise."

Stealthily the leader and his companions stole along through the woods, creeping upon Minter, who had fallen asleep where he sat on the log. Slowly they edged on

Not Alarmed.

Struggling Artist—At the rates you pay I would scout starve to death.

Dealer—Well, yes; you are det, I gan sell your bictures vat I haf at a goot profit.

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from one tree to another, making no noise and keeping in the rear of their victim.

Then at last they stood at his back but a step distant from him, leaning forward like hungry beasts ready to spring upon him. An instant they paused so, then at a word from the leader they sprang forward, and Minter was grasped by six strong hands and pulled back from the log and stretched upon the ground.

There was a momentary pause while Minter lay there, and the time was stupefied with surprise, then suddenly he sprang to his feet by a quick and unexpected movement, and the next moment out went his fist into the leader's face, and that worthy promptly measured his length on the earth.

The next instant, however, a dozen men grasped with Minter from behind, and after a severe struggle overpowered and confined him. They tied his hands together at his back, and then gagged him, and then he was helpless.

In doing this, however, they had suffered, as several bloody noses and blackened eyes testified later, and made a strong fight, and his fist had gone out rapidly and with force.

"Now," said the leader, rising from the ground and wiping the blood from his face, "we have him safe and we will conduct him to Juan Marcelin. Before we go though, I will tell you all of those of you to remain in hiding here to watch that cave. It will be best for some of those who are to recapture the others not to be seen by them, but to keep track of him and remain entirely hidden. You must be able to track the others."

"How do you suppose it happened that Antonio escaped?" asked one of the men questioned.

"I have no idea," the leader replied, and then turned to the others that remained. "Do you all remain here now to remain and watch the cave, while I and the others hurried into the woods with their prisoner, circling around the cave and by an out-of-the-way course, hoping to reach the building.

They had not been gone more than a minute when Dainton emerged from the cave, and had he known the direction they had taken he could have caught up with them in a few minutes. But he did not know, so he stood there by striking out on a wrong course, and then he would lose what little time he had. Then who was waiting for he should get well away and then would enter the cave and carry Antonio off a prisoner.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DEATH OF ALFONSO.

In the supreme moment of Dainton's peril, just as Alfonso was in the act of dealing him a death blow, a third and unobserved actor took a totally unanticipated part in the performance, foiling Alfonso completely, and thus saving Dainton's life.

When Alfonso raised his hand above his head in the blow he intended within the brought it close to a branch of a small tree that grew on the side of the path. The branch extended out over the path just a little above a man's head.

On this branch at the critical moment lay a small but venomous reptile, and when Alfonso raised his hand with the knife he brought it within two or three inches of the snake's head. As quick as a flash the reptile drew back, then darting forward, sunk its poisonous fangs in the man's hand.

Alfonso uttered a wild, despairing shriek, and Dainton whirled quickly about, filled with wonder and alarm.

Alfonso was throwing his arm about in a perfect frenzy of madness, the reptile still clinging to his hand and refusing to be shaken off.

"Kill it! Cut it loose!" Alfonso cried. "Take it off! Quick! Quick!"

Dainton comprehended in an instant, and [illegible] the snake from the hand.

But Alfonso did not hold still. He could not have done that if his life depended on it. He was wild with excitement and maddened with fear, and he danced about, screaming at the top of his voice.

"Take it off! Take it off!"

Dainton struck at the reptile time and again with his knife, but he found it impossible to kill it, or even hit it, while Alfonso was continually throwing his arm about in frenzied gesticulations.

"You blamed fool," he said at last, his patience exhausted, "how can I get the thing off when you won't let me get to it? Why don't you hold still?"

"I can't! I can't!" Alfonso fairly shrieked.

"You can."

"I tell you I can't!"

"You must if you want me to help you."

"Kill it, why don't you?"

"How can I when you act the fool like that?"

"You don't try."

"I don't, eh?"

"No, you don't. You want it to kill me."

Dainton looked at Alfonso with an expression of deep disgust on his countenance.

"You are a darned fool," he said, slowly. "Do you think I would be so inhuman as to stand by and see even such a man as you suffer a death like this if I could help it?"

"Then why don't you get it off?"

"Because you don't give me a chance to get it off."

Dainton saw an opportunity just then, and bringing his knife quickly around, severed the snake from its head. The wriggling, squirming body fell at Alfonso's feet, and he, with one terror-stricken scream, sprang forward and dashed away through the woods at the top of his speed.

Dainton stood for a moment looking after the fleeing figure, then darted off in pursuit. Why he should follow his enemy he did not know, neither did he stop to consider. He could not forget that he was human and that Alfonso was human. He was so constituted that he could not coolly abandon any one in an hour of such grievous trouble.

Alfonso ran a short distance, then fell headlong to the ground. Dainton caught up with him directly, and was on top of him holding him down in spite of his frantic efforts.

The two men struggled [illegible] for some time before Alfonso submitted to the superior strength of Dainton and remained quiet. When the former realized that he was overpowered he sank back resignedly, his face [illegible] pale, and in tones of hopeless despair, said:

"If you mean to kill me, do it quick, and do not keep me waiting."

Dainton was out of breath and did not reply.

"If you could wait but a minute," Alfonso went on, plaintively, "you would be saved the trouble of taking my life, for that reptile has killed me."

"I am not trying to take your worthless life," Dainton replied, hunting about his clothing for a string. "I am not inhuman enough to jump on a dying man, I hope."

"Then why do you hold me?"

"To try to save your life."

"How?"

"If I can cord your arm I can check the flow of the poison to your heart."

"It is too late for that."

"Perhaps it is. But I will see, you will let me."

"When hurry," Alfonso cried. He was quite tractable now, since he was assured Dainton meant to do him good and not harm.

Dainton hastily removed the serpent's head, which was still clinging to Alfonso's hand, then he removed the clothing and exposed the whole arm. He shook his head gravely.

Alfonso, who was watching Dainton intently, saw the movement and understood it. "You can't do it, can you?"

"I am doomed, doomed!" he cried. "I am [illegible] to die [illegible] for you, Lucia, my [illegible]!"

"You lie!" Alfonso shrieked.

Dainton looked up, and to the shudder, showing that the poison has gone beyond reach. I am dying."

"Can you do nothing?"

"Not you!"

"But you can try!"

"No."

"Oh, but you must! You must!"

"I wish I could."

"You can. You will die if you do not!"

"There is nothing I can do."

"You [illegible]!"

"Yes, there is! I [illegible] for you."

Alfonso put on one long despairing wail [illegible] that [illegible] that thing fixed its fangs in my hand—the hand that was lifted to strike you down. You have forgotten that."

"No; but this is no time to hold resentment. Die in peace, I pray you."

Alfonso was silent a little while, then he went on:

"I would have killed Antoinette had she not escaped me, and even now I was here seeking for that girl and wanting to take her death."

Dainton's face became cold and stern when he heard these words, and for an instant there dwelled in his heart a little spark of hatred and scorn for the poor, miserable worm that lay crushed at his feet. However, his feeling of resentment was but momentary, and he allowed nothing of it to escape in words.

Nevertheless, Alfonso understood what [illegible] through Dainton's [illegible] for he [illegible] and [illegible] water, and [illegible] face, with the scrupulous [illegible]

My [illegible]

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in you a feeling of resentment."

"For a little while I felt better toward you, Dainton replied, "but it is all gone now."

"I see that you love Antoinette. Is it not so?"

"Yes."

"I love her, too."

"Yes; I understand."

"I knew she loved you, and that made me hate you. Imagine how you would have felt if she had loved me instead of you."

"Yes, yes; I know."

"You would have hated me?"

"Perhaps I should."

"You would. You could not have helped it."

"I might have hated you, Alfonso, but I should not have attempted to strike you down in the dark."

"No; but you are brave and strong, while I am weak."

Dainton made no reply, and a long silence fell between. At last Alfonso said:

"It has reached my heart, and I am dying."

"Pray," Dainton said.

"I cannot! I cannot! God would not hear me. He would not forgive me."

"Yes; He will."

"Will you forgive me?"

"Yes."

With one struggle and a gasp Alfonso was dead.

Dainton looked on the lifeless form for a few moments, then rose to his feet and lifted it and [illegible] dead enemy's body. He [illegible] about [illegible] and directly his gaze fell on [illegible] gave him a start.

What he saw was a body of [illegible] men, and Minter was with them in their midst. [illegible] to bind him [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible]

This thrilling story of love and fighting in the Philippines will be continued in next week's Ledger. All subscribers are still sent our free cameras and patterns as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Where the Smiles Are Kept.

If I knew each face where smiles are kept,
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard—
Oh, so hard, I know—to get one.
Then over the land I'd go, broadcast,
I'd hand out the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day,

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them, every one,
From nursery, school and street;
Then, folding and folding, I'd pack them in,
And, turning the giant key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

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FOUND IN THE WOODS;

or, A Bound Boy's Adventures.

By E. E. YOUMANS.

Author of "A Mystery of the Forest," "The Lone Island," Etc.

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CHAPTER III.

A BURLY INTRUDER.

That something unusual had occurred in the kitchen Tim did not doubt. The strange voice indicated that some one had presented himself with no business there.

"I'll just take a peep into the kitchen and see what's going on," he muttered, and began tiptoeing toward the door.

When he reached it he carefully peered into the apartment, and was somewhat startled at what he beheld.

Mrs. Bell was leaning against the table, an expression of fear on her face, while upon the very chair he had fallen over, and which she had evidently picked up and placed near the door, was seated the form of a ruffianly-looking peddler.

His pack lay before him, and he was bending over it undoing the straps, and Tim that she had told him she did not care to buy anything seeming to have no effect. As soon as it was opened he began to display the contents in a manner that clearly showed he would not take no for an answer.

Tim saw that Mrs. Bell was much annoyed at the fellow's persistency, and had it not been for the fear of losing his day's sport he would have stepped out and ordered him to leave.

If the woman could manage the situation herself, however, there would be no need for him to take a hand in it, and he decided not to show himself too soon.

The peddler continued to lay out one article after another, and looked up angrily when the woman said:

"It's useless t'r take all that trouble. I don't care to buy anything today, and you are only loading your arm time besides taking up a good deal of mine."

He glared at her for a moment, then said gruffly as he rose to his feet:

"Yer've got ter buy sumpthin."

"But I tell you I don't want anything," she said, becoming more uneasy.

"An' I tell yer, yer do," was the rejoinder, accompanied by a look that made her walk behind the table.

He bent over his pack and secured something which he threw down before her, saying:

"That's what yer want, an' yer ken hev it *for three dollars.*"

"I tell you I don't want it."

"Don't think it's worth it, hey?"

"It may be worth it, but I don't need it."

"Then gimme three dollars, an' yer need not took it," was the reply, as he struck the table a heavy blow with his fist.

"I'll do nothing of the sort," cried the woman, indignantly. "If you don't leave I'll call for assistance."

"Yer will, hey?" yelled the ruffian. "We'll see erbout that. Yer'll give me three dollars, so yer will, an' yer'll do it right too!"

He started round the table, and the woman moved away. This angered him, and he broke into a rage.

"Help!" screamed Mrs. Bell, now thoroughly frightened.

"I'll wring yer blasted neck if yer call eg'in!" cried the man, making a dive ahead.

But now Tim began to act. He saw that he was no match for the ruffian in strength, and that it would be useless for him to grapple with him unarmed.

There was a heavy china cup standing on the table, however, which at once attracted his attention. Springing forward, he seized the cup, and stepped out on the floor.

Hearing him enter, the ruffian stopped with an imprecation of fear. He turned quickly, but seeing it was only a boy who faced him, recovered himself, and roared out:

"Put down that cup, youngster, or I'll smash yer, d'yer hear?"

"Get out of the house," cried Tim, excitedly, "or I'll brain you with it."

"Yer will, hey. Take that!"

He aimed a blow at the young defender that would have effectually disposed of him had it struck him, but the boy adroitly avoided it by leaping to one side, and, as the man lunged by, he hurled the cup with all his might.

It struck the marauder in the head and dropped to pieces on the floor, while the bully with a roar of pain, staggered forward and fell on his knees.

Tim was quick to follow up his advantage. He turned and struck the man a heavy blow in the neck, and the peddler rolled over like a log, lying half-stunned at the youth's feet.

The blood flowed freely from the wound made by the cup, and Mrs. Bell, who had paused near the door and was watching the battle with dilating eyes, cried out in horror as she saw it:

"You've killed him," and she came forward and bent over him. But Tim knew better.

"He's not hurt much, but he will be if he attempts to move," he cried, and seizing a chair he stood with it threatening lifted above his head.

The peddler glared at him vindictively, but made no effort to get up. Tim saw that he was pretty weak, and could be forced into submission if he made any farther hostile demonstration.

"Just go to the door and call Billy, Mrs. Bell," he continued, keeping his eyes on the enemy.

"Billy who?"

"Billy Kenyon; he's in the barn. But don't lose any time; call him, and I'll explain afterward," he urged hastily.

She did so, and Kenyon soon made his appearance, and, in hand, and stared in astonishment at Tim as he came into the room.

"What have you been doing?" he demanded, as soon as he could speak.

"Nothing much," was the reply with.

"Just watch him while I get a rope. If he tries to move or to resist don't forget your gun."

"Well, I guess not," said Billy, flourishing the weapon. "You just lay still, my man, or it'll be worse for you."

Tim soon returned with the rope. The man looked as if he would like to have insisted upon leaving, but the presence of Billy with his gun completely cowed him, and he said, cringingly:

"Lemme go, youngster; I was only foolin'!"

"Not much. You'll go to jail just as soon as we can get you there," said Tim.

He proceeded to bind the ruffian's hands.

"What are you going to do with him?" asked the woman, nervously.

"Take him down to the constable," replied the youth.

Tim and Billy soon began to beg so hard for mercy that Mrs. Bell was touched with compassion.

"Why don't you let him go, boys?" she said. "I think he'll behave now, and go away."

"That I will, ma'am," cried the peddler. "Yer ye're hones', I'll never be seen eround yer."

To tell the truth, Tim did not care to bother any more with the fellow, and as he was plainly very much frightened, the youth believed he would keep his word, and make himself scarce.

"All right," he said, "we'll let you go, but we'll keep the rope and we may want it again."

"Thank ye, thank ye kindly, sir," the peddler replied, as Tim went over to where his gun lay, and picking it up and secured it along with his ammunition.

The peddler put his things in his pack with considerably more alacrity than he had displayed in taking them out, and in a few minutes was ready to start. He had wiped the blood away from his face and head with a handkerchief Mrs. Bell had, so that, barring the pain, he did not experience as much inconvenience as he deserved.

His pack secured on his back once, and he managed to get it on his back and carry it fairly well despite his recent mauling.

He started off up the road, and the boys followed at a short distance behind. They watched him closely for awhile, but he went on about his business, apparently in good faith.

After all, Tim did not feel so very angry at the fellow, for he considered he had punished him with a good excuse to get away with his gun, and as the peddler had gotten the worst of the encounter, there was no harm done.

Some distance ahead the road passed through the corner of a large wood and disappeared over the summit of a hill on the other side. About half way through the wood the boys halted and Tim said to the peddler:

"We'll wait here and watch you till you get over the hill, for we don't want to see you around these parts again, for if we do you won't get off so easy. Go, now, and no treachery."

"I'll keep me promise," said the fellow, as he put himself in motion again.

The boys watched him pass through the wood and go on up the hill, and when he had disappeared over the top, Tim arose from the rock on which they had seated themselves, saying:

"I don't think we'll see anything more of him, so we may as well start in here and begin hunting."

But Billy was inclined to be cautious. He did not put much faith in the peddler's promise, and expected him to come back again bent on revenge.

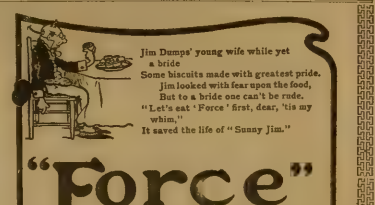
"Hold on awhile yet," he said, "I don't like the looks of that clown, and I believe we'll hear from him before long."

"I don't think so," said Tim. "But even if he should return the boys'll soon be home and he'd get a warm reception."

Billy insisted, however, and Tim sat down again. Suddenly some one was seen coming over the hill. Kenyon jumped to his feet considerably excited.

"What did I tell you?" he cried.

Tim was up in a trice, but the second look convinced him that the person approaching was not the peddler.


Jim Dumps' young wife while yet a bride
Some biscuits made with greatest pride.
Jim looked with fear upon the food,
But to a bride one can't be rude.
"Let's eat 'Force' first, dear, 'tis my whim,"
It saved the life of "Sunny Jim."
"Force"
The Ready-to-Serve Cereal
when in doubt, eat it.
All "Sunny Jims" Now.
"I'm our household 'Force' is as familiar as the sunshine in the morn, and that's saying a good deal, for we are all 'Sunny Jims' now.
"R. L. Stone."
W—6

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"It's Harry Dare," said Tim. "And he seems to be in a hurry."

This was so. The newcomer came down the hill rapidly, and flushed and excited, called out the moment he came within speaking distance:

"Hello, fellows; you're just the ones I want to see. I've something to tell you."

"Well, don't spring it on us suddenly," said Billy. "And before you say anything about it at all, I want to ask you if you passed any one while you were coming over the hill?"

"Yes: I met a man with a pack on his back. He was an ugly-looking man, and he eyed me closely. But what of it?"

"Oh, nothing much," answered Kenyon, "only we had quite a lively time with him an hour ago."

He gave an account of the recent episode, and Harry was much surprised.

"You'll hear from him again, I'm thinking," he said. "And you had better look out for yourself, Tim."

"I'm not afraid," Tim replied. "But never mind the peddler. Let's hear what you've got to tell us."

"I can do that soon enough," Harry answered. "How would you like a camping out expedition of a week or two?"

"The very thing," said Tim, falling in with the idea at once.

"My brother and two of his friends have just returned from a couple of weeks' outing, and they say it's something grand. I've made up my mind to go, and I want you fellows to go with me."

"I don't think my folks'll let me go," said Billy.

"I don't see why. There's no danger of anything harming you," continued Dare. "What objection can they have?"

"Mother won't hear to it. I'm afraid."

"Oh, I guess a little persuasion'll bring her around all right."

But Billy shook his head doubtfully and

It struck the marauder in the head.

began pondering the matter, while Harry turned to Tim.

"From what you said a minute ago, I suppose I can count on you?" he resumed.

"I'd like to go well enough," answered Tim, "but I don't know about it."

"Why, you just said it was the very thing," said Harry, in surprise.

"I know it, and I tell you I'd like to go; but I don't know whether the governor'll let me off or not."

"Oh, I reckon he won't be hard on you," went on Dare, hopefully. "I don't see why he should have any objection to your having a little sport once in awhile."

"Well, he won't let me off, you know I can't go unless I run away for good."

"Now I wouldn't advise you to do that; but I'll tell you what you can do. This is Tuesday, and we won't have to start till Friday or Saturday. Suppose you work hard the rest of the week, and on Friday ask him to let you go; don't you think he'd consent?"

Tim flushed guiltily at this. He thought of the cows he had left loosed only that morning.

"He might," he answered. "But—er—"

"But what?" asked Dare, impatiently.

"Well, you see, hang it all, it's only this morning that I ran away from some work he gave me to do," and Tim proceeded to explain the case.

When he concluded Dare shook his head. "That is bad," he said; "but you can go back and begin, can't you?"

"I suppose so, but I was going hunting with Billy," said Tim.

CHAPTER IV.

A SHOT IN TIME.

Harry saw that much as his friend liked the camping out plan, he was not as willing as he might have been to make it a success, and he felt provoked at Tim because of it.

"Confound your hunting," he cried, "You can have all you want of it when we go camping, and I can't see why you don't care to give up one day of it, when by so doing you may be able to get two weeks later an enormous bloodhound sprang out in front of them.

One glance at the ferocious brute convinced the boys that he was mad.

For a moment he paused and crouched down, then with an ugly snarl he sprang toward them, the saliva dripping from his terrible jaws at each bound.

Billy became panic-stricken, and, dropping his gun, started for the nearest tree, with he proceeded to ascend with all possible haste, while Tim, who only a short time before had courage enough to attack the burly peddler, lost his head here.

He appeared unable to move, and stood staring at the approaching hound in helpless fascination, while the fact that he held a loaded gun in his hands seemed to be entirely forgotten.

The dog was making straight for him, and in a moment was near enough to leap upon him. There was a greenish glitter in his bloodshot eyes, and his fangs were revealed long and white below the scarlet gums.

Luckily, however, Harry Dare had contrived to keep his wits about him. He quickly sprang forward and picked up the gun which Billy had dropped, leveling it at the brute just as he gathered himself for the spring.

There was a loud report the next second, and the hound fell dead at Tim's feet. Then as Harry realized what a narrow escape he had experienced, his face turned pale and he sank down on the mole over him. He sat suddenly down, and for a moment or more had all he could do to avoid fainting.

Harry stepped up to the dog, and to make a sure thing of it, gave him another shot into his head.

"That'll fix you, you brute," said he, giving the body a vigorous kick.

Meanwhile, seeing the danger was over, Billy began to descend from the tree, stopping at intervals to make sure it was safe to alight.

"Come on down; don't you see the dog is dead?" cried Harry, in disgust.

When Billy came forward, he continued: "You're a fine fellow to desert us like that!"

off. Come on back to the field and I'll give you a lift. If we work hard we can get so much done that Bell will never know you were away from it."

But Tim did not show much enthusiasm over this offer and it was only because he knew that unless the corn was hoed he would have no chance at all of going that he finally picked up his gun, and prepared to lead the way through the woods to the corn field.

"We can reach it quicker this way," he said, "besides having a chance to shoot something as we go along."

Harry thought the last reason was why Tim selected the route through the woods, and as they pressed on he noticed that his friend constantly looked form tree to tree in eager expectancy.

They had probably gone more than half way, when suddenly coming out into a small glade they beheld a rough-looking man, dressed in hunter's garb, standing in the open.

He held a rifle in his hand, and a vicious-looking knife was thrust in the belt that was fastened round his waist. He was evidently not alone, for another rifle leaned against a tree, and a revolver lay on the ground near by it.

The stranger scowled darkly as the boys passed, but made no attempt to interfere with them, and the next moment they had gone by the glade.

"I wonder who he can be?" asked Tim. "I don't like his looks. He's got a villainous face."

"Oh, let him go to thunder," put in Billy. "We've got no time to bother with every Tom, Dick and Harry we meet."

"All the same, I don't like his looks," continued Tim. "I'll ever see that face again I'll know it at once."

They pushed on and soon came near the edge of the woods. Suddenly a loud noise was heard in the bushes, and a moment

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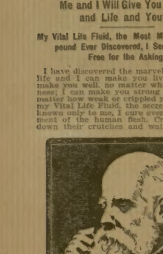

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"I didn't mean to," said Kenyon, sheepishly. "I didn't know what I was doing."

"Oh, well, I suppose you've got some excuse," said Harry; "for it was enough to rattle any one. Here's your gun; you'd better reload it."

Billy did so, after which they started on again. When they reached the edge of the woods Harry and Tim climbed over the fence into the corn field, but Billy hung back.

"I guess I'll keep on hunting, and work around toward home," he said.

"Well, don't forget to ask your father to let you go with us," said Harry. "I'll see you again before the time comes, and we can make final arrangements."

"All right," replied Kenyon, and a little later he disappeared in the woods.

For a moment Tim looked as if he was half inclined to follow, then he turned and led the way toward the place where he had thrown down his hoe earlier in the day.

There was another imprint hanging on the fence which Harry took possession of, and the two started to work. Dare taking the lead and Tim following with a fair degree of energy.

But he could not entirely conceal his disappointment at the postponement of his hunting excursion, and frequently when he turned his eyes toward the place where his gun was leaning against the fence.

Harry caught him in the act finally, and turning upon him said, impatiently:

"Don't be a chump, Tim. You can go gunning as much as you please when we get out in the mountains, and if Mr. Bell will only let you go, I'm sure you'll be glad I put the idea in your head. So now let your gun alone, and don't make any more about it."

Thus encouraged, Tim gave more attention to the business before them, and they worked on side by side till noon.

The work was by no means pleasant or easy, for the cows had made sad havoc, and even Harry was a trifle appalled when he realized all that was to be done.

The sun, too, shone down fiercely upon them, and the dust created by their hoes made their throats dry and uncomfortable. Therefore, both boys were glad when the welcome blast of the horn sounded across the field announcing their dinner.

"I'll meet you here again around two o'clock," said Harry, "for we'll be no use then, and we can work faster."

"You'd better come home with me," said Tim. "I reckon it will be all right if I invite you to feed. I'm sure it will so far as Mrs. Bell is concerned."

"No; I'll go home. Mother'll be expecting me, and she don't like to wait. I'll be on hand, don't you forget it."

Harry took his departure and Tim picked up his gun and set out for the house. He had worked harder that morning than he had done in a long time, and his appetite was very hungry.

When he reached the house he found the farmer's wife fully recovered from her temporary indisposition, and greeted the poddler, and a hearty meal prepared.

The woman wanted to know how far they had advanced in their work, and Tim gave an account of all that had occurred since they left the field, which seemed to please and pacify the rabid hound.

Tim was a bright youth well enough in a way, and had always treated him with a sort of rough kindness, which was quite a novelty for his timely shot, and told Tim she was glad he had escaped, the boy knew she snatched from the very jaws of death and have lifted up and given strength and health are now living witnesses of the everlasting power of my matchless Vital Life Fluid. No one and no marvelous remedy on all systems and all diseases are alike. It matters not how long you have been afflicted; it matters not how hopeless and helpless you may be, it matters not what doctors have said or what remedies have failed to cure you! It matters not what you have faith, my Vital Life Fluid is His Itself and banishes all disease. From the very edge of the grave, by the aid of this priceless compound, I have brought back to life and none need perish, for I will cure to every suffered none of the priceless Vital Life Fluid absolutely free. That is my duty, and I have had it to perform its miraculous cures right before your own eyes. Write and tell me what you wish to be cured of, and I will cure you. I will send you a marvelous Vital Life Fluid that will make you as strong and healthy as it disease had never touched you. Write me today. Never mind the scoffings of your friends. Your life may be at stake and you not know it. They cannot save you, but I can save you and will if you will let me. Address Prof. Hall, Sargent Building, 527 Sargent Building, Chicago, Ohio, and I personally assure every person who writes me that I will cure them and prove it conclusively forever and enough of my precious Vital Life Fluid free to make you well. Then I have truly discovered the secret of long life and perfect health.

"I'll do it," cried our friend, "we won't be able to do much hoeing this afternoon."

"How is that?" asked Dare.

"I've got to take some corn to the mill, and I want you to go with me."

"When are you going?"

"In about an hour; so we won't be able to do much work."

"Then we must hustle. If we're spry we can each do four rows that time."

Tim did not look any too pleased at this, but he started in, and though he consulted his watch every few minutes, managed to keep up with his friend. By three o'clock the four rows were finished, and both Harry was well satisfied.

"That was a good hour's work," he declared. "If we keep that up all day tomorrow we'll certainly get through the field."

Tim did not reply, and Dave continued, laughing:

"You don't like the work, do you?"

"No; I don't," answered Tim, candidly. "It's not so much because I don't want to corn to the mill and have it ground. We're nearly out of feed, and it must be attended to in time. You can start about three o'clock and you'd better take Old Jerry and the lumber wagon."

Old Jerry was a large white horse, of uncertain age, a good roadster and very gentle. He had been on the farm as long as Tim could remember, and the youth was very fond of him.

The mill was five or six miles distant, and the road leading to it ran through the forest, making a shady and pleasant drive.

This was much pleasanter than toiling in the hot corn field, and Tim, full in good spirits when he started back to meet Harry at two o'clock. The latter had already arrived and was working hard when Tim came up.

"I see," cried our friend, "we won't be able to do much hoeing this afternoon."

"How is that?" asked Dare.

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"When are you going?"

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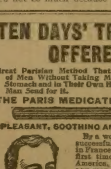
TEN DAYS' TRIAL OFFERED MEN.

Great Parisian Method That Cures Diseases of Men Without Taking Medicine Into the Stomach and is Under Their Own Control Every Man Send for It.

THE PARIS MEDICATED CRAYON

PLEASANT, SOOTHING AND HEALING



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wonderfully quick time lost vitality, nervousness, brain fag, varicocele, hydrocele, stricture, pelvic pains, nocturnal discharges, irritable bowels, and enlargement of the prostate gland, and all similar and private diseases of men. It is the only method known to science that will electrify the parts without shock, create vigor, warmth and force, and all this without medicine taken into the stomach.

Write to Dr. Stevens & Co., Columbus, O., Box 2, 0, D., for the Paris Medical Treatment (sealed envelope), and you will receive, free, the "Dr. Stevens & Co., D. D." scheme, as this firm is too large to resort to such petty ways. We send the most complete book ever written on the Diseases of Men, telling all, in plain language and with 40 engravings from life. Everything is confidential, and well perfectly plain. We trust every gentleman reader of this paper will write us at once and thus avoid the 10 Day Trial Treatment offer.

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YOUTHFUL VIGOR RESTORED

After Investigating all Known Methods We Believe There is Nothing to Equal "Cures at Home."

To Prove It, Full 5 Days' Trial Treatment will be sent Free to any Needy Man—Send for It Today.

This paper is authorized to say that if any middle aged or old man who does not feel himself as capable today as when he was in his twenties, or any young man who has lost the vigor he knows he ought to be, will write to Cadhon & Co., of Cincinnati, they will be

glad to send each man who writes them a full five days' trial treatment of their great remedy for weak and nervous men, discovered by a famous French physician. Dozens of cases have been treated by this remedy that has cured so many thousands of men of all ages, who thought their case hopeless, even after all kinds of other cures had become weakness of the most astonishingly restored to life and vigor by this power which they had lost, and gave them back again the vigor, strength and vitality of perfect manhood, all privately in their own home. It is the only remedy of its kind ever discovered by any of the German surgeons, and the Von Mohl Co. has the sole distributing rights for America.

There is nothing whatsoever behind this offer to send each man a full five days' trial treatment free, and nothing more. It is the C. O. D. prescription or deposit plan, and each man has to agree to pay for the treatment if it cures him. And while others are spending hundreds of thousands of dollars every year to advertise their wares, Cadhon & Co. puts its spare money into free trial treatments, which it sends out broadcast to the men who write their name and address and in this way they not only prove the value of their remedy, but they also save the money need for discovery if you suffer from any of the following troubles, consequent upon weakness: Nervousness, Enlargement of the prostrate Gland, Loss of Virile Power, Impotency, Pimples, Blotches, Lack of confidence in the company of ladies, if you feel you are not the equal of other men, if you have not energy or attractive as you used to be, if you are getting old before your time, Cadhon will put your feet to tingling with renewed ambition, your nerves to singing with new force, it will stop the drains, create healthy life force, invigorate every blood vessel, and restore you once more to life as you saw it in your prime, and as every vigorous man should live throughout life. It will be accomplished privately in your own home.

You may think you have tried everything but to be cured, you may have spent money on this thing and that without good results, but until you send for the free trial treatment of Cadhon and see for yourself what wonderful good it does you, you cannot say with a clear conscience that you have done your full duty to yourself. Cadhon has permanently cured thousands who have tried "everything else." It will cure you if only you will be thoughtful enough to send for it. Do so today sure and they will send you free, besides the 5 days' trial treatment, many interesting illustrated books on the subject, all in plain wrapper and sealed against inspection. Do not hesitate to write as they are only too glad to do this for any suffering man and you certainly will not rest contented until you find out by a free trial if Cadhon can cure you. Write today in full confidence.

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I Cure Women

OF FEMALE DISEASES AND PILES

I Will Cure You So That You Will Stay Cured—Women No Longer Need Submit to Embarassing Examinations and Big Doctor Bills.

To Show Good Faith and to Prove to You That I Can Cure You I Will Send You a Package of My Remedy to Every Sufferer.

I hold the secret of a discovery which has never failed to cure women of all forms of female weakness. Falling of the womb, painful menstrual periods, leucorrhoea, granulation, ulceration, etc., are very readily cured by my treatment.

I now offer this priceless secret to the women of America, knowing that it will always effect a cure, no matter how long you have suffered or how many doctors have failed.

I do not ask any sufferer to take my unsupported word for this, although it is true as gospel. If you will send me your name and address, I will send you a trial package absolutely free, which will show you that you can be cured in the privacy of your own home. Don't delay, but write me for it today.

Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box No. 3, Kokomo, Ind.

BROTHER Let Me Be Your Friend

If you are suffering in any way from those debilitating drains and weaknesses, such as

NERVOUS DEBILITY

with no ambition, weak and run down, nervous chickens, hot flashes, sleepless nights, losses and drains, Varicocele, Stricture, Lack of Power, Pimples, or any sexual disorder

KIDNEY DISEASES

such as Backache, Rheumatism in arms, pass quantities of water often, pain in passing, burning when passing, pain in the back, sore feet, Dizziness, Specks before the eyes, Lack of Energy, Headache, Kidney or Bladder trouble, Dropsy, Pain around the heart, Shortness of breath, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Sallow complexion, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions on the face, Sunken eyes, Pain in the shoulders, between the shoulder blades, and extending around the chest, Hot flashes, Sudden attacks of heat, Sensation of choking, Smothering sensations, Specks before the eyes, Twitching of the muscles, Nervousness, Trembling, Sudden Fear, Sleeplessness, Bad dreams, Forgetfulness, Timidity, Confusion, Want of self confidence, Aversion to society, Self distrust, Lassitude, Pain in the back, Dizziness, Seminal emissions, Sexual debility, Impotency, Stunted development, Organs contracted, Unfitness to marry, Barrenness, Loss of sexual power, Hollow cheeks, Sunken eyes, Feeling of fear, Nervousness, Trembling, Sudden

hoe the corn, but I can't forget that blow the boss gave me. I don't see why I should take any interest in his work when he can't even treat me like a white man. Let me tell you I'm getting tired of it."

"I wouldn't think any more about it," said Harry. "After all, you know he was very angry, and that ought to make some difference."

"Well, I'll be glad when fall comes and I can go back to school."

"I hope we'll have some fine sport before that time," replied Harry, as they hung their hoes on the fence and started toward the house.

The farmer had gone away again, but he had instructed his wife what to tell Tim, and when old Jerry had been harnessed before the lumber wagon and the corn thrown on, the youth went into the house to receive his orders.

When he came out they got into the wagon and drove away.

They had by this time the same road the peddler had followed in the morning, and in due course of time they passed through the woods and began climbing the hill.

Another installment of this thrilling story will appear in next week's Ledger. Our cameras and patterns are presented free to all Ledger subscribers. See announcement on pages thirteen and fifteen.

In Fashionable Suburbs.

Mrs. Waybuck (in a railroad train)—We must be gettin' near the city now.

Mr. Waybuck—Think so?

Mrs. Waybuck—Of course. Just look at the outlandish ways the houses are painted.

Mr. Waybuck—Well, I swan! I thought I was rather economical, but I never would hev had the face to use up my odds and ends of paint that way.

Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhea, Displacements, Falling Female Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It was simple harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it Free to every suffering sister who writes to me. I have nothing to sell. This is a case of woman helping woman. I send it Free. Address Mrs. A. Hudnut South Bend, Ind.

Beautiful Patterns Free---An Unparalleled Offer.

The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They are perfect in every detail, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity in use, and are most economical of material. They are the very latest styles, and are unequalled for every-day wear. Three months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 50 cents and any TWO of these patterns FREE. Six months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 50 cents and FIVE of these patterns FREE. This offer is without equal. If you are wise you will take advantage of it at once.

REMEMBER, to avoid mistakes, you must first give the number of the Pattern wanted—second, do not fail to give bust measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt is desired. Unless you do so here stated we will not know what to send you. Also, do not fail to enclose money.

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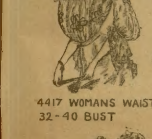

4417 WOMANS WAIST 32-40 BUST

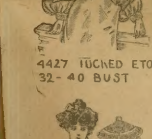
4413 SEVEN GORED SKIRT 22-30 WAIST

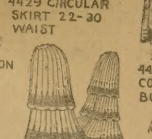
4433 WOMANS COAT 32-40 BUST

4429 CIRCULAR SKIRT 22-30 WAIST

4427 TUCKED ETON 32-40 BUST

4436 WOMANS COAT 32-40 BUST


4438. TRIPLE TUCKED SKIRT 22-30 WAIST


4437 FANCY WAIST 32-40 BUST

4426 MISSES SAILOR BLOUSE 12-16 YRS

4442 SHIRRED WAIST 32-40 BUST

4432 NINE GORED SKIRT 22-30 WAIST

4424 TUCKED TRIPLE SKIRT 22-30 WAIST

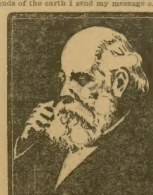
I Cure Contagious Blood Poison.

I Have Discovered the Marvelous Secret of Nature and I Give it Free to You.

My Mysterious Compound Startles the World With Its Wonderful Cures—With This Marvelous Secret No Man or Woman Need Suffer From Contagious Blood Poison and It Is My Mission on Earth Henceforth to Restore All Suffering Men and Women to Perfect Health.

Send No Money—Simply Send Your Name and Address and This Marvelous Compound will Be Sent to You by Return Mail, Prepaid, Absolutely Free.

I have found the marvelous secret of Nature in restoring perfect health to men and women suffering from virulent or contagious blood poison. For me it has been given to bring to the weary, sore, worn-out brothers and sisters the knowledge of this priceless boon, and even to the uttermost ends of the earth I send my message of love


"No Man is Lost—There is a Sure Cure for Contagious Blood Poison."—Dr. Ferris.

and peace and hope and help. Unbelievers may scoff and cry "fake" but I heed them not. My work has just begun and I am saying much.

The secret of this mighty healing power, this marvelous fluid, is known to me alone. It is mine to give to whom I will and my works go before me. Doubt not! I ask no man to believe me, but I give to every man free this priceless boon and it restores him instantly to perfect health. With this marvelous mysterious compound, which I have discovered only after a lifetime devoted to search through all the realms of science, and the archives of the ancients, it is possible to heal at once the awful sores, clear the complexion of the copper spots, dry up the sore patches, heal the ulcers and leave the body clean and healthy in every manner. In this mysterious compound you, my woman will ever again be troubled with blood poison or any of its evil effects.

Remember it matters not what stage your case may be, it matters not how long you have had it, how you got it or when you got it, matters not what doctors or sceffers say. This is no ordinary drug or medical method or treatment, but it is the vital life spark itself, and it matters not by how many remedies or doctors have failed I have repeatedly and instantly cured the worst old cases, healed the sores and caused the mucous patches, copper colored spots, and other evidences of this terrible poison to disappear like magic. My secret compound never fails, and the cures are lasting; never again are any of my people troubled with blood poison. My private address is Dr. C. Surgent Ferris, 301 Strawn Building, Cleveland, O., and I ask that every person suffering from blood poison to send to me and I will send them by mail, prepaid, a package of my marvelous discovery. My wondrous discovery has startled the world by its miraculous effects, and yet I seek not fame or glory. Believe me if I may be the humble instrument of Nature's greatest power in bringing health to the entirement of perfect health and I do it free. In the light allotted to me here on earth I shall do all that is my power lies to give this great blessing to mankind, of this great secret and my reward shall be in the knowledge that I have done unto others as I would that others should do unto me.

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New secret remedy absolutely guaranteed to the profession. Permanent cures in 15 to 35 days. We refund money if we do not cure. You can be treated at home for the same price and the same guarantee, with those who prefer to come here we make the same terms. Don't pay your money to some fakir who will not help you. Don't waste your time and run the risk of contracting the worst form of disease, when for the same price you can have

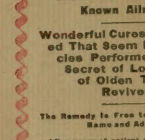
Sick Made Well
Weak Made Strong.

Marvelous Elixir of Life Discovered by Famous Doctor-Scientist That Cures Every Known Ailment.

Wonderful Cures Are Effected That Seem Like Miracles Performed — The Secret of Long Life of Olden Times Revived.

The Remedy Is Free to All Who Send Name and Address.

After years of patient study, and delving into the dusty record of the past, as well as following modern experiments in the realms of medical science, Dr. James William Kidd, 228 Bairds Building, Fort Wayne, Ind., makes the startling announcement



DR. JAMES WILLIAM KIDD.

that he has surely discovered the elixir of life. That he is able with the aid of this mysterious compound, known to his himself, produced as a result of the years he has spent in research, to give this precious fluid power to cure any and every life-giving ill that is known to the human body. There is no doubt of the doctor's earnestness in making his claim and the remarkable cures that he is daily effecting seem to bear him out very strongly. His theory which he advances is one of reason and based on sound experience in a medical practice of many years. It costs nothing to try his remarkable "Elixir of Life," as he calls it, for he sends it free, to anyone who is a sufferer, in sufficient quantities to convince of its ability to cure, so there is absolutely no risk to run. Some of the cures cited are very remarkable, and but for reliable witnesses would hardly be credited. The lame have thrown away crutches and walked home, after two or three trials of the remedy. The sick, given up by home doctors, have been restored to health, and friends in perfect health. Indigestion, neuralgia, stomach, heart, liver, kidney, blood and skin diseases and bladder troubles disappear as by magic. Headaches, backaches, nervousness, fevers, rheumatism, coughs, colds, asthma, catarrh, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs or any vital organs are easily overcome in a space of time that is simply marvelous. It purifies the entire system, blood and tissue, restores normal nerve power, circulation and a state of perfect health is produced at once. To the doctor all systems are alike and equally affected by this great "Elixir of Life." Send for the remedy. It is free to every sufferer. State what you want to be cured of and the sure remedy for it will be sent you free, by return mail.

FREE A postal card to Ayers Cure Co., Lowell, Mass., will bring you a free sample bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. Write for it.

SWEET Ayers Cure 100 other sweet words and music only 10c. Winklemann Co., 357 So. 3d.

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TELLS FUTURE Tablets, business and marriage, with three different horoscopes, 10c. Send 2c. stamp for book of fortune telling. Address Prof. Wayne, Box 18, Fort Wayne, Ind.

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PATENTS $5 to $100 PAID. Long experience. FITZGERALD CO., Patent Lawyers, Washington, D. C.

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MORPHINE and LIQUOR HABITS CURED. Thousands having failed at other homes have been cured by us. YOU TOO MR. A. L. STUBBS CO., Dept. W, Leavenworth, Kan.

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VERILY, THE FINEST ELECTRIC BELT IN ALL AMERICA, CERTAINLY THE BEST AND NOT TOO GOOD FOR YOU. A LATE INVENTION WITH MANY VALUABLE, EXCLUSIVE FEATURES. WILL PLEASE & CONVINCE. HEREWITH, DETAILS.

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GINSENG Book free, telling how to invest in the Ginseng industry & double your money. F. B. Mills, Box 83, Rose Hill, N. Y.

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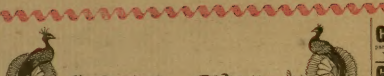


FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

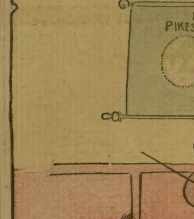
A Turkish Shoe Shop.

It is great fun shopping for shoes in Constantinople if you are not very particular about the fit.

All Turkish shoes are made so as to slip on and off easily, for every time one goes into the house or shop, mosque or school, off come the street shoes and on go a sort of toe slipper made of wood or leather. Here we take off our hats in church, but keep on our shoes. There all the men and boys keep on their hats, but take off their shoes, while outside of every school or in the hall you will find a long row of children's shoes on the floor, instead of hats and caps hanging on the hooks. They have no rubber overshoes there, but when it rains they put on the wooden pattens, such as they wear in the baths to keep from burning their feet on the hot floor. These have high wooden heels with a strap over the toe so that one wearing them stands up as high as though on roller skates.

When a new pair of shoes is to be purchased, you know just where to go, for every kind of merchandise has a street all to itself in Constantinople. There is a whole street for shoes, another for pipes, one for perfumes and one for the red Turkish fezzes, and so on all the way the old Greeks and Romans used to do things.

Oriental shops or stores are nearly all built after the same pattern, the only difference being the depth of the little cubby hole back. The portion which appears upon the street consists of a platform about 2 feet high and not over 10 feet wide. This is covered with a small carpet, sofa-deh, or a thin mattress with a cushion or two. These outdoor street shops are closed at night by means of boards let down, strengthened with iron bars and padlocked. Part of them serve as an awning during the day. Here



Teacher—What is a cannibal?
Bobbie—Please, sir, a cannibal is one who eats each other.

sits the shopkeeper crosslegged with his account book by him, his black barrel beaded in his hands to fumble with and keep him from getting nervous, and always smoking, smoking, smoking. Outside there are stout chairs or boxes for the customers or friends who stop to gossip with him, while over his head and all about hang rows and rows of shoes, boots and slippers, red for men, yellow, scarlet, pink and even blue and green. There are long boots for the soldier horseman and officials, wooden pattens for the bath, Albanian gaiters, slouchy yellow Turkish babouches, red shoes for the Armenians, blue for the Greeks and black for the Jews. There are slippers of fur, silk, velvet and brocade, some glittering with tinsel spangles and some embroidered with flowers in gold and silver and sparkling with precious stones.

If the shopper standing outside sees anything he wishes, the merchant will very deliberately take it down, but he never seems to be in a hurry to sell. Besides the out-of-door shop bazaars, there is a whole street given up to the shoe merchants in the great bazaar, which is an immense stone building of Byzantine architecture, surrounded by high, gray walls, covered with lead and perforated with holes to let the daylight in. This bazaar is miles in extent, and here every kind of goods has its own particular quarter, the little booths being arranged just the same as in the picture. An hour before sunset all the iron doors of the entrances are closed, locked and barred and put in charge of the watchmen, who walk about with big clubs, beating on the stones to let the thieves know they are coming.

The Power of Habit.

"Give me a spoon," said the small boy at the breakfast table.

"When you say 'please,'" his grandmother replied.

But the child obstinately shook his curly head, "No, I will not."

After repeated refusals his mother removed him to another room to "talk" to him. When he came back he said: "Well, I've got to—please."

"Why didn't you say it at first?" asked his grandmother.

"Well, I tell you, dramma," he replied, "I was born timid I'd det in the habit of it."

The Kaiser's Daughter.

"Princesschen," as the only daughter of Emperor William of Germany is popularly designated, grows apace, and is more than ever the delight of her father, whom, it is said, the small princess rules with a rod of iron. It is one of the greatest sights imaginable to see father and daughter together. The greatest desire of Princesschen for the moment is to ride with her father in the park. She is very indignant that her brothers should have a privilege hitherto denied to herself, and report says that before long she will succeed in persuading her indulgent parent to grant her wish.

Good Stuff.

"Sir," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston and addressing a well-known merchant, "have you any berth on your ship? I want to learn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to," answered the boy. "I have sawed and split mother's wood for nigh on two years."

"What else have you done?" asked the gentleman, who was a sort of questioner.

"Well, sir," said the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered in school for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman. "You may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you the master of her some day. A boy who can master a woodpile and bridle his tongue must be made of good stuff."

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